

the Monster Times

How if you like that
PLAYST OF THE APES
come in the last issue
of THE MONSTER TIMES
with all their pictures
of your oldies as it, too!

Outside: Peel
I mean RIGHT ON!
Really heavy the only Gary
showed the repetitive features
of the decadent revolution
APE regime and the
revolutionary humans
who beat the System
by showing that
reactionary Dr. Zerk
right up against
the wall!
I mean like
FAR OUT!



Because with both sideways is they
can't get on record . . .

The World's First Newspaper of Horror, Sci-Fi and Fantasy

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the Monster Times

Volume 1, No. 12

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We've got another grab-bag of assorted gruesome goodies lined up for one and all in this the latest issue of THE MONSTER TIMES. Readers enjoyed our CONFESSIONS FROM THE BLACK LAGOON feature (TMT No. 5) and Roger Singleton's COUNT DRACULA INTERVIEW (published last issue) so much that we commissioned another garrulous gargantuan GORGIO, into telling us in his own words, exactly like it was. When it comes to talking about himself, Gorgio is anything but shy—in fact, he fancies himself to be a bit of a wit, and we'll concede that he's half right at least. Anyway, GORGIO's tongue-in-cheek account of his trials and tribulations should bring at least a strained smile to even the most pursed of lips.

For film buffs we've got a round-up of the great, the near-great, and the absolutely terrible. Allan Asherman sneaks behind the set of THE PLANET OF THE APES to report on some of the strange goings-on going on off-screen and ace artist Mike Kaluta illustrates a TMT film-book devoted to the too-oft-neglected fright flick, THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME. That takes care of the great and the near-great. For the absolutely terrible, we have Part II of our Blood movie series—a bite-by-bite account of a pair of recent gore films, I (slurp) DBINK YOUR BLOOD and I (urp) EAT YOUR SKIN. We couldn't believe we watched the whole thing. And not only that, but a half hour later we were bloodthirsty again!

Comics freaks can revel in Dean Latimer's extended review of Jim Steranko's absorbing HISTORY OF THE COMICS, 1st in a series of volumes dedicated to art, creativity, and the pursuit of trivia. It's Man against Rat in our comic strip this issue, a frightening foray into the world of weirdness by artist Tom Armstrong and writer Tony Isabella. And speaking of rats, TMT has a sneak preview of BEN, son of WILLARD, a ratty parable of revenge from Cinerama Releasing Corp.

All the regular TMT features, of course, are contained within—but we can't contain ourselves a moment longer, so let's get on with it...

JOE

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Our fiend in the field, Bill Feret, gives you the lowdown on all monsters, madmen, and myriad malcontents currently stalking their way to the screen.

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MONSTER MAILBAG:

Wherein TMT readers speak out fearlessly and righteously about every conceivable subject under the full moon.



THIS ISSUE'S COVER is the handiwork of TMT House Artist Wendy Wenzel, a young lady whose pleasing appearance and quiet, thoughtful style belie her astounding rapport with the denizens of the monster world.

THE MONSTER TIMES, No. 12, June 28th 1972 published every two weeks by The Monster Times Publishing Company, Inc., 11 West 17th Street, New York, N.Y. 10011. Subscriptions in U.S.A.: \$6.00 for 13 issues, outside U.S.A.: \$10.00 for 26 issues. Second class mail privileges pending at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Contributions are invited provided return postage is enclosed; however, no responsibility can be accepted for unsolicited material. Entire contents copyrighted (c) 1972, by The Monster Times Publishing Company, Inc. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Subscriber change of address: give 8 weeks notice. Send an address imprint from recent issue or state exactly how label is addressed. Printed in U.S.A.

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Gorgo's impatience with the London populace is easily understandable in light of the hostile reception that greeted his initial appearance in that city. Instead of treating him like the Little Boy Lost he really was, Londoners met him with tanks and guns and even Big Ben refused to give him the time of day. But time has mellowed the monster, as you will see below.

Whatever else you might want to say about him, you have to admit that Gorgo sure got a head start on his peers. It's not every kid who gets a chance to cut his teeth on Big Ben, to learn to toddle by stomping through London, to make his public debut by terrifying a populace of millions of people—and still be chastised by his mother for staying out too late! When GORGO was released in 1961, he was just a little kid, still wet under the feet and green behind the ears (not to mention the rest of him.) But Gorgo's a lot older and a little bit wiser now, and TMT is proud to present HIS side of the story, straight from the dinosaur's mouth, in GORGO SPEAKS! And that's saying a mouthful!

A meaningful transcription by
Gary Gerani

My lord! "THE MONSTER TIMES"? The world's first newspaper of science fiction, fantasy and horror? Indeed! What will the colonies think of next? For this perverse periodical to succeed, of course, it will need the unquestioned co-operation of experienced monstrosities such as myself, and seeing that my dear old lady and I haven't so much as a

Boston bean, between us it is most convenient that my autobiography should appear at this time.

TIMES FOR THE MONSTER

I first came upon your quaint quarterly (you're a bi-weekly publication, actually, but I'm just a sucker for phonetic phrases) when Mother visited the local fish market and found your rag wrapped rather carelessly around an otherwise favorable flounder. Not knowing exactly what a "MONSTER TIMES" was (and not, forgive me, kind sir, particularly caring), Mummy kindly asked the storekeeper, Sir Laurence Oliveoil about its background. "Dear lady," he said. THE MONSTER TIMES, is the world's first newspaper of science fiction, fantasy and horror." "Really?" she said. "Of course!" he said. "But what level-headed person in their right mind would believe in monsters?" she said. "I couldn't say," said he. "Well sir," she said, "I think enough has been said on the matter." "You said it, ma'am, but you may keep that copy if you wish. I've already placed orders in the Back Issue Department. A Fine American publication, that MONSTER TIMES.

I arrived home late that afternoon and

GORGO SPEAKS



"Having no previous experience in cinema, I found the entire affair quite rewarding."

I found Mumsy vainly attempting to swat a whirlybird with a mysterious folded tabloid. "Mother," I exclaimed, "what the Dickens have you there?" "It's some American rot, called The Monster Slimes." "Odd name for a newspaper of any kind. Hand it over, Madam." No sooner did I gaze upon the thing than the ugly wrinkle of disdain crossed my brow.

"Here, here Mumsy! Have a look at this! It's that oriental alligator, GODZILLA, displaying his charmless wit and utter asininity! What nerve! And what rot!"

"It is a bloody lot of rot," mother added, and the then despised newspaper was hurtled out the nearest porthole. An infuriating experience, young sirs, simply infuriating!

It wasn't until I had a chat with Mr. Gilbert "Gill" Gillman, the Creature from the Black Lagoon... he's an old war buddy of mine (that was the Big One, you know, The Battle of Beastly Bronto's Beach) that I received a more or less clear perspective on what THE MONSTER TIMES was. "They have some very talented people writing for them," Gill commented. "Why, my life story was nothing less than a masterpiece!"

Inspired by my good friend's advice, I contacted the proper parties and the results you now hold in your little dappers.

Like any normal, red-blooded, green-skinned kid, GORGOR made sure to check out the local amusement park during his London vacation.

Although promised for centuries in nursery rhymes and folklore, it wasn't until I made the scene that London Bridge finally got around to really falling down.

GORGOR GOES TO NASTY NARA

I'd like first to explain about my initial appearance. It was nineteen-hundred and sixty-one when King Brothers commissioned me to do a film for them. Having no previous experience in cinema, I found the entire affair quite rewarding. We had a fine director, Mr. Eugene Lourie, who had previously filmed a monster epic in 1953 called THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS. Lourie, while not being a particularly innovative filmmaker, was much at home with this second of his two monster productions. In fact, he further explored an idea he had first experimented with in BEAST, that being an underwater diving bell imperiled by an underwater dinosaur. Moreover, he proved that films of this type can succeed without Mr. Ray Harryhausen's animated animal farm. A tight script and some decent editing does make a difference.

Our story begins on a small, lonely little island named Nara. Why it is named Nara I never quite understood, but I suspect a highly logical and intelligent reason for it. Nevertheless, two rugged, personable salvage vessels named Joe Ryan and Sam Slade zip up their diving suits and start vessel for salvage. It appears that only a few days before an undersea volcano had surfaced and caused, quite literally, a huge and violent stir. After swimming through some of the worst underwater scenes ever photographed, they surface and head toward Nara for supplies. There they encounter a somewhat confused lad named Sean (yes, young sirs, there are other Seans besides double-O seven) and he is the apparent ward of a typically bloody CENSORED named McCertain. "I'm sorry gentleman, but you can't remain here," he says. "But man, we're not sea-worthy!" they say. "Isn't that too

"I decided to REALLY shake them up and stalk onto the shores of Nara . . .

After numerous torches and many a polyanderwithanish, I once again sink slowly into the salty sunsetted sea."

Can you dig it? Here I was still learning to walk and what kind of encouragement do I get? A big blast of fire right in the face!

bad now," he says. "You're a bloody big help!" they say. "I think that's enough said on the matter," he says. "You've said it all, McCartain," they say, and I say, this does sound familiar! At any rate, preferably a slow one after all that jabberwocky, Sam and Joe steam out of Nara and send one of the local divers underwater. These native divers bear a word or two. They have no real language, but every now and then when the script calls for them to say something they utter a rather muddled expression that I can only pronounce as "polyanderwithanish!" Or maybe they're actually attempting to say "put some mustard on that knish." Anyway, the poor man surfaces in a state of shock (and that's not ten quarters south of Piccadilly) with some shimmering pearls dutched in his palm. "Aha!" surmises Joe, always quick with well-worded reactions. "So this is why McCartain wanted us out!" Hmmm...

JOE IS NO SCHMO

"Mr. McCartain, I think you have other reasons for wanting to get rid of us."

"You calling me a liar, sir?"

"Yeah."

"Why you blooming bloody son of a sea serpent's rear end of his left tooth's bad filling..."

I'm not quite sure how that last statement went, but I think you get the bloody idea. McCartain is absolutely Furious!

"Get out! Before I have my boys throw you out!"

"What are they doing out there,

anyway?" says Sam, peering out the window toward the sea.

"They think a shark got the diver who didn't come up this morning." Shark indeed! It's at this point in the story that I make my appearance. One of the natives prepares to spear himself a "shark" and, lo and behold, it's "Ogra, the Sea Spirit." (Gorgo's my stage name, good people. See, you learn something new every day!) The scene is one of chaos and confusion. "Polyanderwithanish!" one of the natives proclaims ecstatically. I decide to really shake them up and stalk onto the shores



Here I am taking a dip, just to cool off after a hot, hectic day full of high energy mischief.



of Nara. "Use the torches!" Joe shouts as Sean runs around doing his "No, I'm the monster's friend" bit. After numerous torches and many a polyanderwithanish, I once again sink slowly into the salty sunsetted sea.

The next day Sam and Joe and Sean and Mickey boy decide the best way to keep the divers on the island is to destroy me.

"Do you think you can kill the beast," asks McCartain.

"Ahh, maybe. But have you ever thought what a thing like that would be worth alive?"

Ah, yes! A bloody good decision, considering the film has another hour and a half to go. This is when Joe boards the diving bell and descends into the bowels of my basement.

"Sam, Sam, I've done it! I've found him!"

"Sam, Sam, pull me up! Get me outta here!"

Well, what did he expect? Every self-respecting British dinosaur has a bathysphere for breakfast. Sam, unfortunately as resourceful as ever, sends down a net and before I can open that deep sea tin can I am the prisoner and the property of Joe Ryan and Sam Slade, Inc. Now, what to do?

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY!

Word of my discovery reaches the civilized world, and it isn't long before a

Continued on page 29



Can you pick out ten mistakes on the cover of STERANKO'S HISTORY OF COMICS? The frightening part about this cover is that this depicts only about 10% of all super-heroes. During the comic boom of the '40's everyone had super-powers. Or at least it appeared that way!

The STERANKO History of Comics

Did you know that Harold Foster of Prince Valiant fame bicycled from his home in Nova Scotia all the way to Chicago at the age of 29 to learn how to draw? Well, if you didn't know that, we understand...because about the only place you'd be likely to find info like that is in **THE STERANKO HISTORY OF COMICS**, by — naturally enough — Jim Steranko. Jim, whose volume is only the first of a series devoted to the history of comics, has a lot of things to say about comic artists, the pulps and their creators, and about just everything connected with the subject. Our own Comics Wizard D.A. Latimer tell you all about it here...

THE STERANKO HISTORY OF COMICS

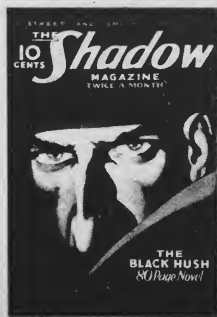
by Jim Steranko, published by Supergraphics, 501 Spruce Street, Reading, Pennsylvania 19602

Jim Steranko used to do a pretty mean Nick Fury, when he was working for Marvel Comics a half-dozen years ago. Maybe that's what killed the Fury title. With Steranko scripting him, Fury actually possessed the rudiments of a personality — I mean, he was nearly like an anti-hero, with real depth, as opposed to the usual run of mock-sensitive, thoughtful, boring moralistic morons that

populate most of Marvel's heroic pantheon. And Steranko's artwork? Ah, it was wonderful: like Eisner without the shadows somehow, good clear artwork carefully paced from panel to panel, the figures slightly attenuated, dramatically distorted in fish-eye perspective, leaping out of the comic book at you... No, not a helluva lot like Eisner at all, really more like Jack Kirby, only very very very good Kirby...

Kirby. The Steranko History Of Comics, by Jim Steranko, "Dedicated to

THE SHADOW wasn't a comic, but a pulp which featured pages of text, interspersed with illustrations. **THE SHADOW** was the most popular, but the pulps suffered heavily when comics were introduced, and faded into oblivion in the early '50's.



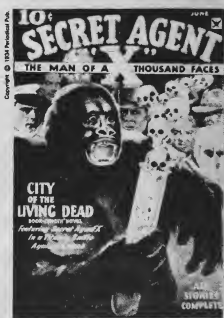
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JACK KIRBY, without whom there may not have been any comics to write about." Maybe Steranko knows something we don't know. Maybe back in the Thirties, when he was just a kid, Jack Kirby lent \$10 to get Bill Gaines through a bad Depression weekend, and thus made it possible for him to survive long enough to create EC. Who knows? Gaines ain't talking.

Could comics in fact have endured without Jack Kirby? Would there have been a *Captain America*, a *Mighty Thor*, a *Vision*, a *Captain Daring*, and so many others, without Kirby working on them? Will comics survive the depredations of the New Gods and the Forever (they should only call it a day) People? These questions are academic. Everybody has his hero, and Steranko's is evidently Kirby, for some reason. We should all be grateful that Steranko resisted the impulse to let his book become a panygeric to Kirby, and gave us what he did: an invaluable source of publication details about newspaper comics, pulp magazines, and comic books.

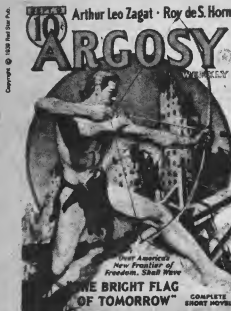
COMICS GO TO COLLEGE!

Right! If you're in college, or if you are college bound, you could do worse than to grab a copy of this volume and keep it against the time you may be uplight for a term paper in Contemporary Literature or Sociology. It's just the sort of thing your professor would love to read, a refreshing change from the usual studies on Ezra Pound or the Vietnam



Secret Agent X was a man with 1000 faces. That explains the hairy mug, but what about the rest of his body?

War. Also, the cover of *The Steranko History of Comics* is easily detachable — a trifle too easily detachable in fact — and, being without a title of any kind, will make a lovely wallposter: a collage-style painting by Steranko. It is, of various comics heroes and heroines, the Hulk, the Shadow, Wonder Woman, Superman, the Submariner, the Silver Surfer, the Flash, a couple indeterminate superheroines with skimpy costumes and emphasized glutes, Plastic Man, Doctor Doom, the Joker, Captain America, Captain Marvel, Robin,



ARGOSY was one of the most famous pulp magazines that the kids read before comic books. CONAN, TARZAN and many other heroes got their start in the pulps.

Spider-Man, Hawkman, the Red Skull, and looming gigantic in the background, providing a dark definition field with his cape, The Batman. Now, it so happens that half these union-suited buffoons are nowhere mentioned in Steranko's copy, but still, it is an inspiring and colorful bit of work, fit to impress your frat brothers and your girl friends.

Also it contains tons and tons of knowledgeable data on comic books, which will impress anybody fortunate enough to hear it coming out of your lips. For instance: Harold Foster, who just retired from Prince Valiant, was born in 1892 in Nova Scotia, and bicycled from there to Chicago at the age of 29 to learn to draw. Chester Gould, who is still going strong on Dick Tracy at 72, comes from Pawnee, Oklahoma, and never turned a penny on cartoons until he was 31. It was

Captain Joseph Medill Patterson, recently deceased, of the Chicago Tribune/Daily News syndicate, who implemented the idea of Dick Tracy, and Patterson who also came up with the idea for Milton Caniff's Terry And The Pirates, in order to compete with Foster's Tarzan and the Calkins/Nowlan Flash Gordon: 'On a list of names Caniff had submitted, Patterson circled Terry and wrote "And The Pirates" afterward.' The Dragon Lady's real name is Lai Chor San. Want to know the exact size of a pulp magazine, and the word content? "Pulps measured 9 1/2"x7 1/2" and had 114 to 162 pages between full color enamel stock covers. Most had 128 pages which usually featured a lead novel of some 50,000 to 60,000 words and a half-dozen short stories totaling an additional 20,000 words. . . Some pulps were issued weekly, some monthly, others bi-monthly or quarterly, but at most times 250 titles were on newsstand display. Every month chalked up a staggering total of twenty million words!" And were you aware that Holiday columnist Alfred Bester, who wrote The Demolished Man and The Stars My Destination, worked on, The Shadow and Superman, and recruited Julie Schwartz into comics?

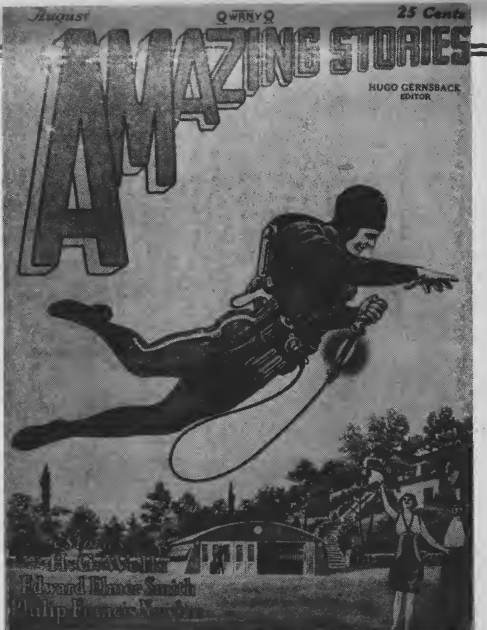
The book is a mine of fascinating but useless information. Imagine the bored looks on the faces of your friends when you tell them the origin of Marvel Boy, as created by Jack Kirby: 'As Martin Burns was born, his body was possessed by the soul of Hercules. In his adolescence, an eerie shadow gifts him with a red and blue costume and explains to him he has the power of 30 men. An interesting sidelight is that one of the drawn figures in this strip served as the model for the late-40's version of Superman.' Steranko goes on for whole chapters like this.

Visually, though, the book is a masterpiece. There are hundreds and

"Rough way to make a living," moans pulp star Black Bat after the cops knocked him off a tall building. Can you imagine what they did to the villains?



The Book Bat



AMAZING STORIES really weren't by today's standard. But back then no one believed we'd be on the moon. This is the pulp which featured the original BUCK ROGERS story.

hundreds of reproductions of ancient pulp covers and comic book covers, and while none of them are in color, and while, to be fair, some of the ink quality is not of the best, it is still a lovely thing to see. A little violence on every page, some sex, and now and then something really beautiful, like an action page from

looked but as they seemed to look. Mouths were straight hard lines. Wrinkles were slashes of black. A profusion of textures played in decorative patterns across neatly paced panels. His style evolved from the habit of copying newspaper photographs in extremely simple black and white terms. A natural but quite unique approach emerged, one that would bring more success to others than to Sickles himself.

"For a while Sickles employed the Ben Day effect in his strips with explicit mastery, but his primary contribution was the application and placement of black areas. He would fill in his pencilled panels first with blacks, then work to the light side of the elements depicted. The result was a sensitive and sensible approach that created an entire 'school' of comic art."

STERANKO SCHOOL

As a matter of fact, that is the school of comic art, perfectly described, to which Steranko himself subscribes. It is the anthropomorphic kind of cartooning



Everybody tried to get their claws on this skiing beauty, but a zap from her trusty ray gun usually took care of the lechers. What's so thrilling about that?

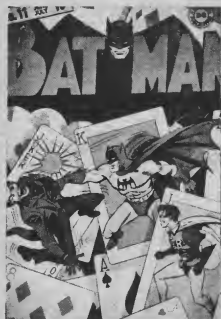
Tarzan by Burne Hogarth, whom Steranko compares with Rubens, Gericault and Caravaggio. This may be stretching things a bit, but it is undeniably lovely to see the way Hogarth used his black ink, and built Tarzan's body out of gobs and strands of heavy muscle.

One wishes Steranko had included a bit more description of comic art, because he describes cartoons on their own terms mostly - declining to attempt classical comparisons - and he utilizes a deft vocabulary when he does so. In describing Noel (Seachy Smith) Sickles, for instance, who apprenticed Milton Caniff, Steranko says: 'Sickles developed a loose impressionistic treatment of his subject matter. He drew things not as they

The King of the super-heroes, the leaper of tall buildings in a single bound, SUPERMAN. He's quite docile here, though. He only worked five days a week, and this shot was taken on Saturday afternoon.



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Here's a 1942 BATMAN cover. The JOKER was one of the Bat's most nefarious villains until he played the wrong cards and got captured.

that lends itself well to superheroes, as opposed to the 'funny animal' type of cartooning you see in such as Donald Duck and Archie. You don't see any of that stuff in this book, which causes it to fall a ways short of an authentic 'history of comics,' but then, who wants to quibble with matters of terminology? It's part of a 'series,' anyway.

Well, Steranko does spend a lot of space on pulp magazines, which have to be stretched a ways before you can qualify them as 'comics.' For sure the level of complexity in plot and characterization in the pulps was rarely more developed than it was in comic books, but between print and image there

is a gap, right? And to listen to Steranko talk, you'd think the development of comics somehow stopped short when the pulps began gaining popularity, around the early thirties, and then eased back into production when the pulps vanished in the late Forties. I mean, he closes the first section, on Newspaper comics, by saying, 'What comics needed was a startling new approach, a bold and sensational direction to thrust them into

WONDER WOMAN was a women's libber when they weren't even called women's libbers. She lived on an Amazon island where no men were allowed. What did we tell ya?



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Here's CAPTAIN AMERICA again. As you can see he's a virtual one man army, especially when he fought the ever-present Nazis during the war.



Fighting the enemy was the rage back in 1942 and all the heroes got into it. Superman leads the parade, which also included Zatar the Magician, The Vigilante and Commando Yank.

the realm of popular success, and terms the pulps that "approach."

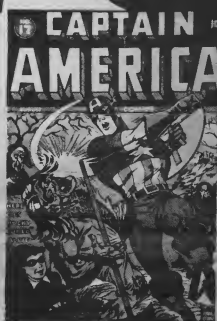
Now this is an insult to the pulp writers. Nor does it speak very highly of comic people, either. One feels that Steranko merely needed an introduction to the pulp section, and drew that Erroneous rabbit out of a hat in order to provide one.

But he manages to communicate a feeling of intense excitement while talking about the pulps. In fact, if you want my opinion, the pulps are a damn sight more interesting than comic books, because the people who worked on the pulps, by and large, were a damn sight more interesting than the people who work on comics. Dig Steranko's description of Frederick Faust's writing habits, when, as 'Max Brand,' he was earning about \$2,000 per week on movie scripts and pulp magazines: 'Faust was a goliath of a man, 6' 4" tall, weighing



The NEWSBOY LEGION was the first of a dozen "kid" groups that dominated comic in the '40's. They were always from the ghetto and always had an evasive learner, a hard-bitten dropout, a "typical" kid, and someone for comic relief.

about 200 pounds with an enormous capacity for food and drink... (He) would bring a quart thermos of whiskey to work which would be finished by noon. Lunch consisted of a dozen or more drinks. Occasional trips to a nearby saloon helped pass the afternoon. Then at 5:30 he'd head home for supper and some serious drinking.' A cool dude indeed, Faust was killed on the Italian



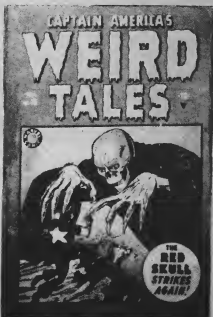
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CAPTAIN AMERICA always stood up for truth, justice and the American way. Occasionally though, he'd meet up with a foe who wasn't interested in perverting America, just burying it alive. His partner BUCKY was almost the first victim.

front at the age of 53, having gone there of his own accord to be a war journalist.

Then there's Walter Brown Gibson, who clocked upwards of two million words a year writing THE SHADOW for Street & Smith. Ordinarily Gibson worked on a battery of 3 typewriters. When one began to "get tired", he'd move to the second, then the third. He worked in a continuous flow, actually composing the tale on the typewriter.

By the time the war ended, kids were tired of looking at some nut in red, white and blue trunks with a shield at his side. They wanted realism, and got it in CAPTAIN AMERICA'S WEIRD TALES.



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The awe-striking pose of BATMAN and ROBIN was drawn by the first artist ever to draw him, BOB KANE. This shot was never published, but "Bats" survived anyway.

The hours he spent pounding the machines would swell his fingers, often bloody the tips... His grand total of 282 novels would, in book form, fill 30 feet of shelves.

Then there's always Edgar Rice Burroughs, who created Tarzan, Thundar, Bullar, Tamar, Nu, Carter, Pellucidar, Napier, and various westerns, and died in bed in 1950, reading Tarzan in the Sunday comics page. These are pretty their branding irons and exotic torture

THE HUMAN TORCH wasn't human at all, he was an android! He always fought Prince Namor of Atlantis, who wasn't a prince at all. He was a King!... Oh-well.



Copyright © 1942 Marvel Comics Group

far-our people, and it seems unjust that all this work was merely an expedient to help comics find their ultimate form.

And what was that ultimate form? Was it Captain America, in WW II? "His propaganda effect was awesome. If nothing else, comics taught their readers who the enemy was and what they stood for. The depiction of the Nazi horde with



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This fella is The Hour-Man doing his Tarzan imitation. Hour-Man was a strange fellow. He took a pill called MIRACLO which gave him super-powers for one hour. They were legal then.

machines was undoubtedly an understatement. Those who saw the concentration camp, gas chambers, furnaces and lamp shades will testify to it."

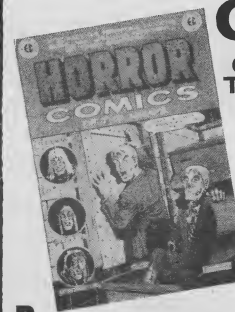
—D.A. Latimer

As we said, here's another of the crop of "kid" groups that infested comics during the war years. If comics had had their way, we are sure the draft age would have been lowered to 10 years old!



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EC HORROR COMICS OF THE 50'S



Dim the lights and close the doors as those FETID FOLKTALES of the 1950's bubble forth in FULL COLOR from the witch's cauldron. A selection of the greatest scare stories from HAUNT OF FEAR, TALES FROM THE CRYPT, and VAULT OF HORROR... including a rare unpublished TERROR TALE.

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THE MONSTER TIMES
P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station
New York, N.Y. 10011

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NAME _____
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DEATH LIVES! In these two FULL-COLOR vintage E.C. Posters! Original covers of TALES FROM THE CRYPT NO. 38 and THE VAULT OF HORROR NO. 32. Never published in these versions because they were considered TOO frightening, these never-before-seen renditions can now be yours! Printed 22"x28" on sturdy paper stock, these masterpieces are always sent rolled, in sturdy mailing tubes, for Super-protection. The VAULT cover is by Johnny Craig, and the CRYPT cover by famed cartoonist Jack Davis. The best in art, color, clarity and horror, all yours for only \$2.50 plus .50 postage, each. The supply will be limited, so we urge you to order now!

THE MONSTER TIMES, DEPT. EC
P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station
New York, N.Y. 10011

Please send the full color posters I've checked below:

Yes, I want the TALES FROM THE CRYPT E.C. Horror Poster, by Jack Davis, enclosed is \$2.50 plus .50 postage (Total of \$3.00).

Yes, I want the VAULT OF HORROR E.C. Horror Poster, by Johnny Craig, enclosed is \$2.50 plus .50 postage (Total of \$3.00).

I am an E.C. FREAK, and must have BOTH these incredible posters. Enclosed find me \$4.00 plus .50c postage (Total of \$5.10).

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

As unlikely as it might seem, we at TMT actually made a mistake. The erroneous event took place in TMT 11 when we wrongly credited two blood epics, **I DRINK YOUR BLOOD** and **I EAT YOUR SKIN**, by name, to Hemisphere Pictures, while they are actually the properties of a company called Cinemation Industries and the brainchildren of a producer named, appropriately enough, Jerry Gross. We hope that the powers-that-be over at Hemisphere's House of Horror, who have enough cinematic blood on their hands without we should pour on any more, will accept our apologies. That done,

If this character should approach you on the street saying he hasn't had a bite in three days, we suggest you walk the other way—or he'll take it out of YOU. Looks like the type who's always drunk on that cheap, red 59 cent stuff anyway.

THE EVILS OF BLOOD ISLAND

by Buddy Weiss

we'd like to run the tap now on the aforementioned Jerry Gross bloodbaths, **I DRINK YOUR BLOOD** and **I EAT YOUR SKIN**, two films that were definitely NOT approved by Duncan Hines...

A NIGHT AT THE BLOODBATHS

In addition to adding a new dimension to lurid film titling, Jerry Gross' **I DRINK YOUR BLOOD** was also one of the first movies to cash in on the Manson mass-murder cult. Indian dancer Bhaskar was chosen to enact the Charlie Manson-based role of Horace Bones, leader of a group of violent zanies who call themselves the Sons and Daughters of Satan, with Jadine Wong, Ronda Fultz, George Patterson, Riley Mills, and Elizabeth Marner-Brooks rounding out a cast whose obscurity was in no way endangered by their appearance in this flick. Filmed in Widescreen and Deluxe Color, **I DRINK YOUR BLOOD** was written and directed by David Durston and released in 1971 on a double bill with **I EAT YOUR SKIN**, or course.

I DRINK YOUR BLOOD opens with the bloodcrazed "hippies" who comprise the cult known as the Sons and Daughters of Satan pitching camp in some woods located on the outskirts of a small American town. Without delay, the group, led by the wild-eyed Horace Bones, begin throwing off their clothes in preparation for an uninhibited acid trip, an elaborate ritual being offered up to the Great God Satan. Unfortunately for them, they are not as alone as they'd like to think—spying on the gory group is a young girl from the nearby town. When the mad Mr. Bones sees her, he orders her dragged into the camp. One of his minions protests this action and begs him to leave the girl alone. So, like any bloodcrazed hippie worth his sadistic salt, Horace devises a



Campaign art from this Gross double bill features magnified portrait of what's left of victim after the small figure beneath has polished off the last of his latest human snack.

punishment for both of them.

Early the next day, the young girl who made the mistake of stumbling into the devil devotees' camp stumbles into town in a state of extreme disarray. Her stumbling is observed by a couple of

townspeople, bakery owner Mildred Nash and her assistant, (who also happens to be the young girl's 12-year-old brother), who take her straightaway to her grandfather, the town physician, Doc Banner. Doc discovers that the girl has been a

victim of extremely foul play—not only has she been assaulted but drugged to boot—and suspicion immediately falls on a group of workers constructing a dam outside of town. Mildred, whose lover Roger Davis happens to be the Chief Engineer on the dam project, goes to the site to enlist his aid in unraveling the heinous and mysterious events.

THE BLOOD THICKENS

Meanwhile, back in the woods, Horace and his Satan cultists discover that their panel truck has just dropped dead of exhaustion, with no hopes of ever being resurrected again. Pretending they're a rock group, the weirdos seek shelter in town and are granted permission to inhabit an abandoned and decaying old mansion. Told that the house is literally running with rats, the group is overjoyed by this unforeseen prospect and pass the time catching the rodents, stringing them on wires, and burning them to a crisp, until such time as they are able to secure victims of the human variety for their frightening fun and games.

When old Doc Banner learns from his granddaughter all the grisly details of what Bones and Company have perpetrated upon her, he grabs his trusty gun and heads out for the old mansion where the drug-dilapidated degenerates are holed up. After eavesdropping on their conversation, the girl's little brother follows the old man out to the killers' lair.

Banner arrives at an opportune moment, catching the cult in the middle of one of their typical torture rites. He is greeted by the sight of one of the cultists hanging from the mansion rafters, his feet cut by knives and his blood spurting over the fascinated faces of his fellow sadists. Horrified by this dire display of barbarous brutality, the decent Doc Banner freezes in his tracks, and, before you can say National Mental Health Week, finds

himself a captive of the cult. To make his stay more enjoyable, Bones & friends feed the old man a generous dose of LSD. Fortunately for him, however, his small grandson appears at the door and, while maintaining a safe distance from the degenerates, threatens to call the cops unless his grandfather is released. Fearing the wrath of the authorities, the slaves of Satan let the old man go.

Understandably annoyed at the nefarious horseyap of the devil worshippers who seem to be trying to convert his family into a bunch of strung-out hippies, little Pete, old Doc's grandson, decides to take matters into his own hands. Later that night, after his drug-soaked sister and grandfather have gone to bed, Pete takes his granddad's rifle and stalks through the woods with every intention of tracking down the demonic fiends and doing them in. Along the way, however, he chances upon a mad dog devouring a dead rat. Frightened by the spooky spectacle, especially by the part where the rabid mongrel tries to attack him, Pete pumps a round into the hound and kills him. His eyes then focus directly on the dead, diseased rat and a plan worthy of Horace Bones himself begins to form in the young boy's head.

ONE MAN'S MEAT

Retreating back to his grandfather's house, Pete rummages through the old man's medical supplies until he finds what he's looking for: a syringe. With the instrument in hand, he runs back into the woods and draws blood from the rat's diseased carcass and stores it in a plastic container.

Pete quickly puts his perverse plan into execution, injecting the infectious blood into a bunch of meat pies which he generously gives to the hippies when they come into town for supplies. This is when the flick really gets lively. The diseased blood takes immediate effect on the degenerates as each in his turn becomes rabid as a mad dog, frothing and drooling and turning on each other in a frenzy of flesh-and-bloodlust. The cultists go off on a kill spree, spreading the disease among the townspeople, turning the entire populace into a community of blood-drunk fiends bent on the destruction of one and all alike in an orgy of mass murder and cannibalism. Which just goes to show the madhub bubbling quietly beneath the apparently serene surface of a small Middle-American town, see.

And that's the way I DRINK YOUR BLOOD concludes, with the boy's desire for revenge working only too well, infecting not only Mr. Bones & his gang, but everyone. I DRINK YOUR BLOOD may not sound like a classic to you but you've got to admit that producer Jerry Gross knows how to pack a lot of action into 80 minutes of celluloid pseudo-sado-masochism.

YOU DRANK THE BLOOD...

NOW EAT THE SKIN

For the co-feature I EAT YOUR SKIN Cinemation gathered together an equally unknown cast that included such less-than-household names as William Joyce, Heather

Hewitt, Betty Hyatt Linton, Dan Stapleton, and Walter Coy. I EAT YOUR SKIN was written, produced and directed by Del Tenney (of HORROR OF PARTY BEACH infamy) and also featured Widescreen and Deluxe Color, while sharing, like its companion feature, an R rating.

I EAT YOUR SKIN begins as mystery writer Tom Harris, publisher Duncan Fairchild (a name any publisher would be proud of) and Mrs. Fairchild gather at a swank hotel to talk over their upcoming trip to an uncharted Caribbean island, where they will be heading for the purpose of researching background material for Harris' latest book. Upon reaching the lush isle, they are welcomed by a research scientist named Dr. Bileadeau and his beautiful young daughter, Jeanine. Dr. Bileadeau has been busy working on a Cancer cure and feels that a serum extracted from one of the island's rare tropical plants contains the secret of that cure.

At dinner the table conversation takes a turn for the worse as Dr. Bileadeau tells his guests of the strange rituals practiced by the island's natives. Plantation manager Charles Bentley, a friend of Bileadeau, scoffs at the rumors of weird goings-on and tells Tom Harris to think nothing of it. Tom tests Bentley's theory by taking Jeanine, the scientist's daughter (she and Tom, in true horror movie tradition, happen to fall madly in love with each other almost immediately) out for a walk among the very same tropical plants referred to above.

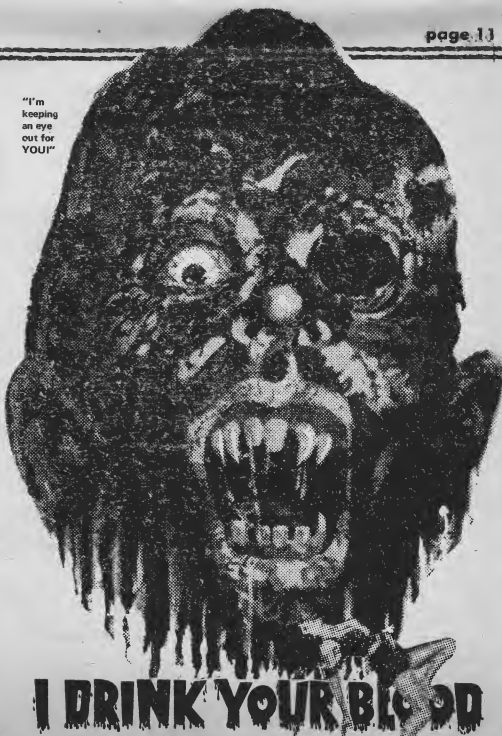


One of the many "weird humanoids" who make life tough for beleaguered visitors to a mysterious Caribbean island in Cinemation Industries' I EAT YOUR SKIN.

I STEAL YOUR WOMAN

Tom, in fact, is so enamored of Jeanine, that he fails to notice that the pair have been surrounded by a group of weird humanoids, who

"I'm keeping an eye out for YOU!"



Look into the eye of this cannibalistic creature and see if you can still keep your cool. This monstrous singlehandedly reduced the ranks of obscure, Grade-Z offerings by a sizable percentage, for plastic dedication we at TMT tip our frightwigs in a gesture of sincere appreciation.

promptly ambush them. Tom puts up a fight as several of the humanoids try to wrest Jeanine from his grasp and spirit her away. They are foiled in their attempt and a worried Tom carries an unconscious Jeanine (who, also in horror movie tradition fainted at the mere sight of said humanoids) into the house.

Being the studious type, Tom sets out to research everything connected with the island cult and learns, via ancient writings and interviews with the locals, that the cult members are descended from a tribe that used to engage in human sacrifices to appease the gods of their particular religion. And, since the religious rules and regulations of the tribe were composed by a horror film hack writer, the gods can only be satisfied if the human sacrifice is a beautiful blonde virgin. It seems that the humanoids are the result of Dr. Bileadeau's serum, which has been injected into several natives, although the Doctor himself has been kept ignorant of the serum's radical side effects by Charles Bentley who, as it turns out, is secretly a diabolical madman bent on ruling the world with the aid of just such an army of flesh-hungry humanoids. As might be expected, Jeanine is promptly kidnapped—successfully this time—to serve as the sacrifice at the upcoming ritual to appease the gods whom the natives believe are responsible for the unleashing of the unearthly humanoids.

Tom and publisher Duncan Fairchild manage to infiltrate the ritual by disguising themselves as humble natives where they discover that the cult's high-priest is actually

the owner of the island—and a cohort of the demented Mr. Bentley—also in disguise. During the course of the rite one of the natives chances to freak out and, in a frenzy of overenthusiasm, off he goes, high-priest. In the resulting confusion, Tom manages to steal Jeanine back again and together the pair make their escape in a borrowed boat. The natives are in hot pursuit, however, and manage to inflict a wound upon Dr. Bileadeau before our heroes successfully set out to sea. The almost dead scientist tells Tom everything he knows before he goes and, bequeathing Jeanine to him, dies. Jeanine herself seems to exercise but little control over her destiny.

At any rate, Tom returns to the swank hotel wherein the flick began, now with a lot of strange experiences, a best-selling book based on same, and Jeanine, the scientist's daughter, under his belt, after which the screen becomes as blank as Cinemation's collective mind.

I TAKE YOUR MONEY

According to all reports we've heard, Jerry Gross' blood epics were a bloody boxoffice smash. As has been mentioned already, the films do carry a Restricted Rating, which means that they are off-limits for a goodly percentage of the MT audience. But at least now you know what you're missing, which is, if you haven't gathered as much by this time, not very much.

(NOTE: Hemisphere Pictures' BRAIN OF BLOOD, promised for this issue, will appear in the next instead—Ed.)

SEYMOUR

HORROR HOST SUPREME

Out L.A. way, when TV viewers start picking up "ghosts" on their sets they do not start fiddling with the controls but settle back instead to spend an evening with SEYMOUR, West Coast horror host (check out MT10 to find out more about the one-and-only) and the most outspoken critic on the monster scene (cepting maybe our own Mighty Joe Kane). For those of you as yet unfamiliar with the slimy star, let it be known that SEYMOUR can be candid to the point of being insulting and, beyond that, he can be plain insulting, too, at times. But we at TMT take SEYMOUR's outbursts with a generous grain of wolfbane and have even deemed it fit to let him let out some of his startling stream in these very pages...

SEYMOUR SEZ:

Hello Fringies, out there in *Monster Timesland*—allow me to introduce myself: My name is Herkimer Eujenski and I happen to be the golden-throated announcer whose pear-shaped tones match the rest of his body and one who can be heard each week on the *Los Angeles* television broadcast of SEYMOUR PRESENTS. I was fortunate enough to have studied under the auspices of the *Golden Tones School of Broadcasting* and to have been hired by SEYMOUR himself just after graduation. I was also lucky enough to win a grammar award from the *Famous Phrases Creative Writing School* and I would just like to say how fortunate it is that it was I who was chosen.

If you could just hold on a moment, SEYMOUR just walked through the door and I'm anxious to show him what I've written so far...%*!/?\$#@!!!

This is SEYMOUR speaking and I'll be writing my OWN articles for THE MONSTER TIMES, thank you! However,

If you had asked us who we would consider to be the last people who'd be caught dead wearing a Happy Face button, we would certainly have included John Carradine on that list. But, if you look real hard, you can see we would have been dead wrong about that. And, in case anyone's interested, that's SEYMOUR standing next to the eminent frightfilm actor.



I will leave the opening sentences of this piece intact just to provide a contrast between Eujenski's pathetic prose attempts and the shimmering twists and turns of my own fluid style. As truth would have it, Eujenski can't write (particularly now that I've inserted the pins under his fingernails) and he's not much better when it comes to announcing either. But there's no point in being petty; I mean a star like me can't worry about the insignificant people around him, no matter how instrumental they might have been in helping to build my magnificent success.

Incidentally, speaking of insignificant people, I have a word or two for my fellow fiends at THE MONSTER TIMES. I've just finished reading Volume 1, No. 10 of TMT and I've got a few bones to pick with you... Just as soon as I digest



A couple of SEYMOUR's pals, i.e. "insignificant people who hang around me," named George Barris and Chuck Iwerson designed this outlandish landcraft for the horrendous horror host. A moving tribute that really moves, sez SEYMOUR, who may yet learn to drive.

the last of the flesh. First off, the paper opens funny, does it not? I mean it seems to me that when I open it everything looks upside down. Of course, this might be my fault, as I am fond of reading while perched bat-style on the rafters of my



Sinking out from behind the slimy wall, here's SEYMOUR looking at YOU, kids. As the sinister SEYMOUR himself sez: "Going from TV to TMT is like jumping out of the garbage can and into the incinerator!"

modest but tasteless L.A. home.

Page Two starts with stories and strips from EC comics (everything we've heard about SEYMOUR's incredible powers of perception seem to be coming true—Ed.) and continues throughout (although we've also heard rumors that SEYMOUR is very easily confused—Ed.). And that's confusing! I can't figure out whether TMT is a newspaper or a comic book; someone in New York should straighten that out right away.

The poster on page 10 makes buying the paper worthwhile. Now that I think about it, it's the ONLY thing that makes buying the paper worthwhile. However, I would suggest you use a better quality printing process as it took me only two days to rub off all the ink from the centerfold (for about 47 hours longer than it would take for the memory of SEYMOUR to fade from the minds of his viewers should his series ever be cancelled—Ed.).

Pages 26 & 27 are excellent! Boys—and you are my boys—these pages will make this issue a collector's item. But once again, there's a little misrepresentation here. There's a box down in the right hand corner saying that I, SEYMOUR (In CAPS, you'll notice—Ed.), will be writing a regular column for TMT. This is untrue (wheew!—Ed.). I will, however, from time to time, every once in awhile, now and again, maybe even every issue, give you Fringies out there my inimitable first-hand reports on west coast operations, critique TMT when necessary and review all of the horror films, some of the horror films or none of the horror films (Circle one?—Ed.) of recent vintage. After all, I am SEYMOUR, master of the macabre, epitome of evil, the most sinister man ever to crawl on the face of the earth and I call 'em as I see 'em! (Which sounds to us like a case of the nearsighted leading the blind—Ed.)

One last comment. I notice that you people have a disturbing penchant for interrupting your writers' copy with snide editorial asides (this is based on mere heresy and has no roots in fact—Ed.) whenever you can. I just want to warn you that you'd better not try pulling stunts like that with my copy! (We wouldn't dream of it—Ed.)

MEMO TO THE EDITOR: I would like to know why my SEYMOUR T-SHIRTS and other merchandise are not on sale to all the fringies who read this paper. I've discovered that there are plenty of people dumb enough to buy T-SHIRTS from a television personality they've never even seen (or heard of—Ed.).

And now, before I step behind the slimy wall, this is SEYMOUR leaving you with the following thought: the next time you see a friend on the brink of disaster, reach out with both hands and give him a little shove! (Would you mind stepping a little closer, SEYMOUR?—Ed.)

SEYMOUR hooks death—in the form of a two-toned whale—right in the mouth during SEYMOUR DAY at L.A.'s MARINELAND. Fortunately for SEYMOUR the whale was into health foods and didn't choose to devour the cadaverous horror host.



WEIRD TALES, February, 1938



YOU'RE THE HEAD MONSTER!

Yep, you are the Head Monster, around here, as far as we're concerned. You, the Reader. You, the Subscriber. You, who digs monsters and horror and science fiction and fantasy in movies & comic & TV & records & books; the whole carnival-ful of wonders that is the Mass-Media Renaissance of this century. These modern, imaginative wonders were made for You, and Your Journal, THE MONSTER TIMES, is also made for YOU! We gather news and info about them for You!

We've got an overload of material, and don't know where to begin. We've got so much great stuff on hand, and so many SPECIAL ISSUES already in the works (like a FLASH GORDON ISSUE, and a FRANKENSTEIN ISSUE, and a RAY BRADBURY ISSUE, and an EC HORROR COMICS issue or a TARZAN, EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS issue, and... well we don't want to tell you too much, some of the competition may be reading!), and we've got so many special features in the works, too.

We are planning more columns, reviews, news scoops, listings of events of interest to practically every imaginable sort of fan. We've got special new sideline publications planned... top secret stuff, and we've even planned a special X-mas supplement combination gift-buying guide of monster products and curios and a section we cheerfully call THE MONSTER TIMES REVIEW OF BOOKS, for those who still read, these days. This should make the New York Times turn green with envy!

We've got comic and comics and more of same; no matter how you spell 'em, you'll be getting them. We've got so many posters planned that you'll have to rent a warehouse to hang them all up.

Like we said, we've got more stuff than we can get into print right away. And we want to please you! You're the Head Monster!

So write us NOW! Tell us what you want to see first, and we'll comply.

Tell us how certain articles strike you, or if you would like to strike them. Rate us from A-Z, and spell out exactly how you like or dislike our presentation of Strange Stuff.

We particularly want to know about

balance... balance isn't an easy thing. Kong had balance, 'till they shot him down. Frankenstein had balance with those monster shoes of his, but Der Golem had no balance when he lost his star, and flopped right over. A monster newspaper must walk a fine tightrope of avid but varied reader interest. It must present not only what it THINKS the reader wants, but what the reader DOES want.

So help us keep our balance. Tell us by A, B, C order what you want to see most in MT: monsters, comic, sci-fi, TV, reviews, nostalgia, records, fiction, product tests, news, etc. We will tally up your responses as percentages scientifically, using the largest hat any of our editors wears.

So fill out the form below, and send it in, and we guarantee you your opinion will be read.

Dear MT folk. Ok, so I'm now your Head Monster. That's really swellish. I think THE MONSTER TIMES should have the following topics emphasized in the following order indicated by A, B, C, or 1, 2, 3, or... any way you want!

- ___ Classic Horror Sci-Fi Films.
- ___ Articles on Comic.
- ___ Original Comic.
- ___ News.
- ___ Film, Book, Record reviews.
- ___ Product Tests.
- ___ Interviews.
- ___ Other (specify)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

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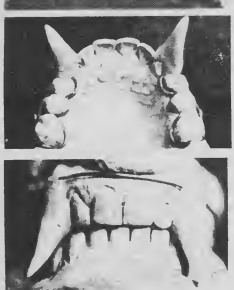
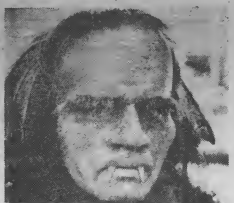


PHOTOGRAPHIC MAKE-UP FOR STILLS AND MOVIES

by VINCENT J.-R. KEHOE
Published 1963
by CHILTON BOOKS,
Philadelphia and New York.

One in a series of compact but comprehensive books called "The Modern Camera Guide Series..." PHOTOGRAPHIC MAKE-UP FOR STILLS AND MOVIES covers all the main types of make-up. We're viewing it here mainly because of one portion... the part dealing with "special make-ups."

Coming under this heading are make-ups for adding age to a performer's face, changing his or her ethnic characteristics, the use of artificial hair, monstrous effects produced with the aid of latex appliances (See the make-up article on PLANET OF THE APES elsewhere in this issue) and other very interesting projects. Both the problems and solutions are ably presented by Kehoe who, at the time of the book's



RICHARD BURTON transformed from handsome star to Shakespearean monster by makeup ace Bob O'Bradovich who designed this makeup for Burton's portrayal of Caliban, the beast in the Bard's THE TEMPEST.

publication, was nothing less than the head of the Research Council of Make-Up Artists. He knows his stuff, and by the time you're through reading his book, so will you.

There are numerous tricks which have been known for years by make-up men, ever since the old days of plaster-of-Paris ended and the age of rubber-based make-ups began. Some of the greatest actors of days gone by did their own

make-ups, but now union rulings make it necessary for professional makeup men to do their thing in all films. But even though the days of Lon Chaney, Sr. are gone, we fans of horror and science-fiction films would still like to know how these professional miracle-men perform their transformations. This book is a good guide which provides most of the answers.

The special make-ups of "The



Sequins, ureol, and the steady hand of the makeup man turn Roddy McDowall into an Ariel, another of THE TEMPEST's magical characters.

Mummy," "Dracula," and effects such as scars and burns are described in detail. In fact, all the techniques are here, presented in simple, non-confusing terms.

And, in the back of the book, is a listing of all the customary chemicals, tools, appliances and latex compounds that are commonly used by make-up men everywhere. You'll learn about the wax and plastic compounds that can be used to build up noses, chins, ears and fingers for achieving monstrous or friendly (Mr. Spock, genius, clowns) effects.

So spend the \$2.50 for PHOTOGRAPHIC MAKE-UP FOR STILLS AND MOVIES. You'll probably have luck finding it in stores that sell cameras, photographic supplies or paperback books.

O'Bradovich serves as the subject of his own experiment, making the switch from man to monster skillfully and gracefully.



No monkeying around in this costume. It's an original sketch for the first Ape costume.



"If you guys ain't got an ace up your sleeve, then what's this piece of fur doing here?" asks human as menacing, shifty-eyed Ape look on during card-playing break from the production of PLANET OF THE APES.

Making motion-pictures is not all fun and games. There are budgets and deadlines of production times, and a thousand worries that can pop up — and usually do. So there's a lot of tension behind the cameras and off the sets. Film people usually try to fight the nerve-racking pace by having as much fun off-camera as they can. In every film there are jokes that someone pulls at the expense of whoever happens to be acting serious at the time. These pranks are never seen in the finished film,

but in some studio vault there is probably a fantastic collection of them (If you were at the STAR TREK convention you remember the blooper-films of takes that went bad, jokes, film-editor's gags, etc.).

In PLANET OF THE APES there were the usual problems. And, in addition to these the weirdest challenge of all time arose to test the talents of that incredible make-up man John Chambers and his staff: Turn everyone on the studio lot into Apes... Chimps, Gorillas, Orangutans. And the people who wore the makeup had to be careful when they ate, spoke or even breathed. And definitely no sneezing allowed. Can you imagine going through a whole day without being able to sneeze, blow your nose or scratch your cheek? Instant madness... Unless, of course, you could think of something to keep your mind off all that.

Which goes a long way in explaining some of the weird things that happened behind the scenes on PLANET OF THE APES.

Veteran Shakespearian actor Maurice Evans (Dr. Zaius) turned up in his Orangutan make-up wearing an "Uncle Sam" hat, carrying umbrellas, pinching wardrobe mistresses and clowning

Unless you suffer from an Incredible Shrinking Memory or just neglected to pick up a copy of TMT 11, you'll remember that last time our literary time-traveler Allan Asherman took us out of this world

and on into THE PLANET OF THE APES. Well, Allan's back but this time he's taking us in another direction, that is "BEHIND" THE PLANET OF THE APES, for a lighter look at our simian crew.

MONKEYING AROUND PLANET OF THE APES

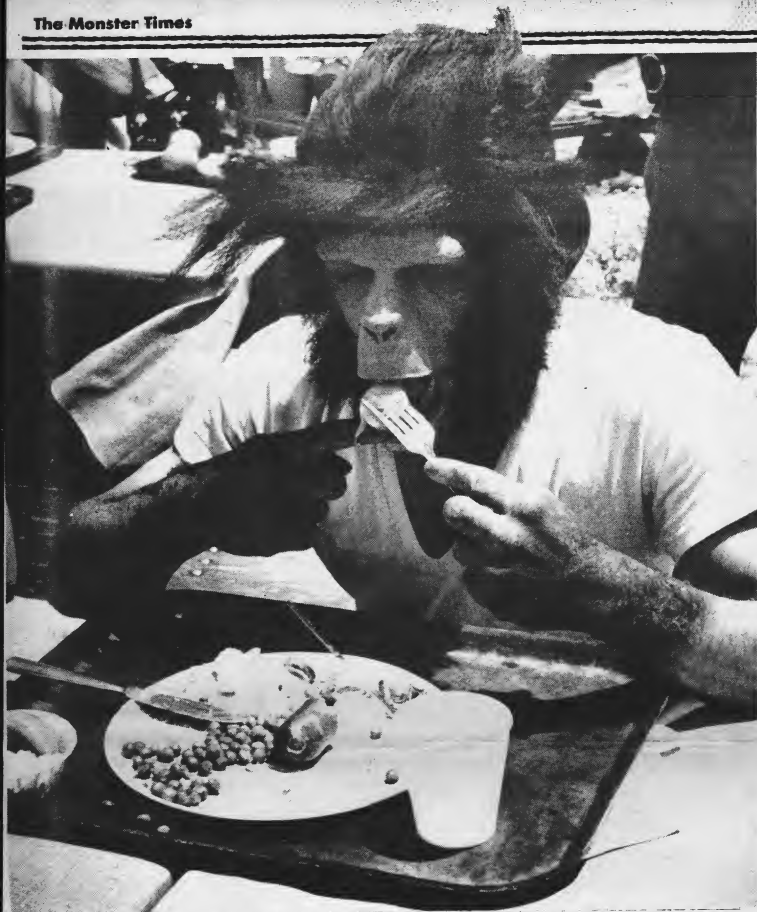
by Allan Asherman



After a hard day's shooting, actor Maurice Evans only wants to get home and grab some shut-eye. But it'd raise a lot of eyebrows if Mr. Evans left the studio lot in his "Dr. Zaius" make-up, and so he reports to John Chambers' staff-room for re-humanization. After getting comfortably seated, his wig is removed. Then the long sideburns and beard, which are actually crepe-hair on webbing. The chin-piece is carefully peeled (The artificial teeth in this piece are reused), as Mr. Evans cheerfully starts breathing through his nose once again. The brow-ridge is de-greased with a special solution that stops skin irritation. Finally the actor is ready to have the grease-paint, make-up base and remaining stray hairs washed from his face. The end of a long day, for Maurice Evans: Human Ape.

Heston's son... a CHIMP off the old block?





Although the actor viewed here might have picked up some of the physical attributes of a common ape, you can see that his flawless human table manners have managed to remain intact.

for the camera. Imagine the surprise of some stray visitor to the set feeling someone tap him on the back, only to see an Orangutan waving an American flag and spouting Shakespeare in a British accent.

While everyone was being photographed by the motion-picture cameras, actor Roddy McDowell (Dr. Cornelius) went around snapping pictures of

anything and everyone in sight. And he had star Charlton Heston take pictures of the people he couldn't find.

Scenes were done during dress rehearsal with Apes of all sizes and colors saying their piece while smoking pipes, cigarettes (in long holders), and cigars. Some wore glasses, aprons or any crazy-looking hat they could find lying around the prop-rooms.

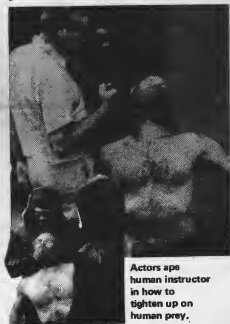
Gorillas played poker with men clad in rags, and Chimps danced with the script girls.

The most comical side of **PLANET OF THE APES** also proved to be the most serious problem faced by the filmmakers... the make-up. Not since **THE WIZARD OF OZ** had there been a call for such odd transformations. Only three main types were required for "OZ," but here there were to be four leading Orangutans, three Chimps, a score of gorillas and literally hundreds of extras who would also appear in make-up. The extras wore masks that slipped over their heads, topped with wigs and held closed by a substance known as velcro (the stuff on the bottom of the stewardess' shoes in "2001").

through their mouths.

Another curved appliance was fitted over the chin. A curved strip over the brow-ridges, a pair of over-sized ears, sideburns, beard and wig finished the job of turning human actors into Apes.

Each piece of the make-up was made of latex rubber, baked after being molded from life-masks for an exact fit. The hair was composed of individual strands fitted through a thin gauze material. The webbing was then pasted to the actor's face with "spirit gum," a rubber adhesive. After each separate piece of the make-up was fitted, the rubber ends of the pieces were smoothed into paper-thinness and glued to the face. The entire face



Actors ape human instructor in how to tighten up on human prey.

For the Apes seen in close-up throughout the film, make-up had to be specially modeled over life-masks, and applied piece by piece to the face. One of the pieces was a curved upper lip and nose, which fitted over the actor's own nose and produced the ape-like curve of the face. Only problem with this was that the performer's own nose was covered. So for the duration all Apes had to breathe

was then treated to a coating of grease-paint. Shadows, added with grease-pencils, and special make-ups completed the final phase. In the photos that appear here, you can see and study the make-up process every step of the way.

And, fellow ape freaks, in the other never-before-published fotos, you can share in the nutty things that went on while **PLANET OF THE APES** was being filmed. ■

Militaristic monkeys assume dignified pose as simian snapper records their image to send to the apes back home.







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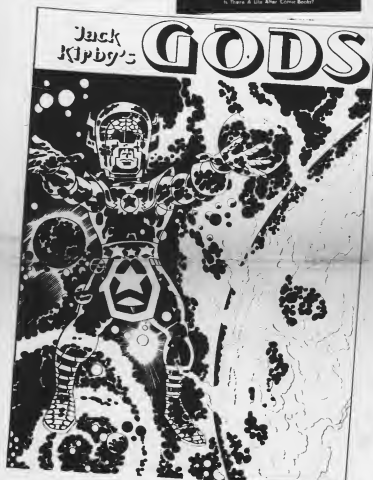


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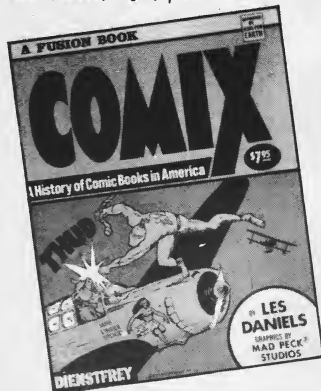


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BEN is back and MT's got 'im!

BEN

According to the Chinese calendar, 1972 is the year of the Rat. While we at MT are still waiting for the year of the Roach to roll around, we're more than willing to settle, in the meantime, for second best. To celebrate the year of the Rat, Cinerama is releasing BEN, a sequel to WILLARD, and the rattiest flick ever put together...



"Where WILLARD ended, BEN begins," says Cinerama copy. Here's the late, demented "Willard" himself, as portrayed by Bruce Davison, in a sentimental scene from the film of the same name. WILLARD may be no longer with us, but BEN will be keeping the struggle alive.

Briskin, scriptwriter Gilbert Ralston, and animal trainer Moe Di Sesso are all performing the same tasks they did for WILLARD. While screenwriter Ralston adapted the novel *Ratman's Notebooks* for WILLARD, BEN will feature a completely original script, with the title character being the only holdover from the WILLARD cast of characters. The film features veteran thespians Joseph Campanella, Arthur O'Connell, Rosemary Murphy, and Kenneth Tobey (*THE THING*) in key supporting roles, while starring

honors go to newcomer Lee Harcourt Montgomery. The title song, called BEN'S SONG (what else?), is sung by young Michael Jackson of the Jackson 5 and was composed by Walter Scharf. BEN was directed by Phil Karlson.

Seasoned Hollywood animal trainer Moe DiSesso probably had the hardest chore in the making of BEN. It was he who had to keep the 4,000 rodents not only in line but performing in strict accordance with the script—no easy task, that, as anyone who has had even minimal experience working with



Furry four-legged fiends turn on hapless sewer worker in murderous moment from Cinerama's BEN, killer cousin of WILLARD soon to stalk into a theater near you.

Petrolman played by Richard Van Vleet struggles against BEN and his loyal army of fellow rats in a desperate bid for survival



A few words about BEN are in order. BEN, unlike WILLARD, features an actual rat in the title role. While some people might have considered the Willard character a rat in human form, he still didn't qualify as a living, breathing, lurking, skulking, snivelling, grovelling rat. BEN, who is the lone surviving rat from the WILLARD film, is the first member of the rat race to join animal kingdom luminaries like Lassie, Flicka, and others in having a film named after him.

BEN will not be alone, however, in Cinerama's searing sequel—accompanying him will be some 4,000 rodent relatives and friends, all of whom will be at the sick bidding of their mad human master. Practically the same production team that executed WILLARD is also responsible for the birth of BEN. Producer Mort

rats will bear out. For WILLARD, Mr. Di Sesso had only a mere 500 rats to breed and train, but Moe managed to get his rodent legions together in time for where BEN puts them through some of the scariest paces screenland's ever seen. Incidentally, we at TMT have every intention of doing an interview with the amazing Moe Di Sesso (like how in the world do you train 4,000 rats?!) so keep an eye out for it in a future issue.

We'd also like to take a brief moment to extend our thanks to the folks at Cinerama for sending us pre-release info, stills, and the like as such generosity never fails to bring out our slobbering sense of gratitude. At any rate, BEN, shot on location in Los Angeles where, if it could happen anywhere, it would probably be most likely to happen, will be creeping into a theater near you any day now. Watch for it... now that the rat's out of the bag, he may come looking for you!... And speaking of "looking"... now's the time to take a peek at our raten rodent strip on the very next page... Rat on!

THEIR MASTER'S VOICE

STORY-
TONY ISABELLA
ART-
TOM ARMSTRONG



FOR THE YOUNG MAN, THERE IS STILL THE
THRILL OF THE HUNT. CONFIDENCE WELLS
UP WITHIN HIM AND BURSTS FORTH!

A FOOLISH GESTURE, NO DOUBT.

QUITE FOOLISH!



THE HUNTER IS NOW ON
THE DEFENSIVE....

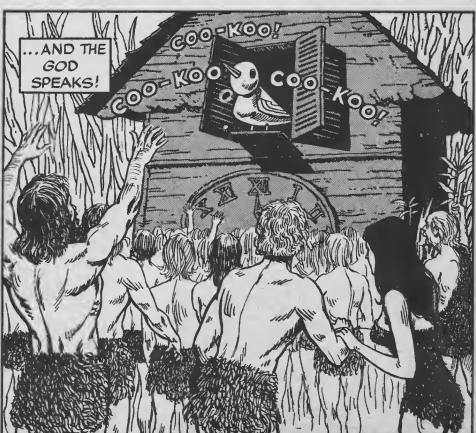
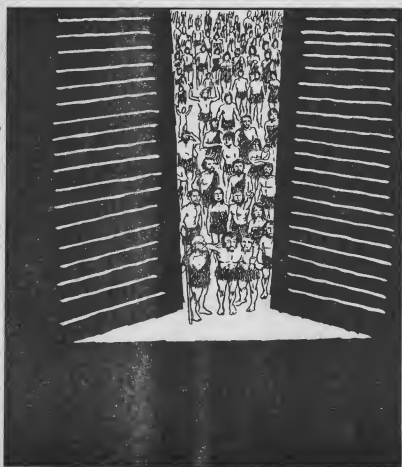


...AND NOW DEFENSELESS!





THESE ARE HARD TIMES FOR THE VILLAGERS! ONLY THEIR FAITH IN THE GOD HAS KEPT THEM GOING. THEY GATHER NOW TO HEAR HIS WORDS. MASSIVE WOODEN DOORS CREAK OPEN...



* Sorry, gang, even if the bird's got The Word, it won't be translated here. Seems that the creators of this strip feel that monsters & religion & politics don't mix. Just goes to show it takes all kinds!

In 1932, while Radio Pictures was producing the classic KING KONG, it was decided to use the dormant jungle, swamp and other incredible interior sets designed and built for KONG in another film project. So, while the special effects for KONG were still being completed, its sister film, THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME, started production. Included in the cast were many leftovers from the KONG company, Fay Wray ("the Woman"), Robert Armstrong ("the Brother") and Noble Johnson ("Ivan") and the music was by Max Steiner, who composed a score that was remarkably similar to the one he'd done for KONG. The technical staff was also comprised of KONG refugees, complete with Willis O'Brien and his fantastic glass-paintings. But all of their contributions added to the film, instead of turning it into a KONG carbon copy. THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME had that same mysterious, exciting quality that had made KONG so worthwhile — a kind of magic spontaneity that put YOU square in the middle of the fantastic screen intrigues. Completing the cast were Joel McCrea as "Robert Rainsford," while "Count Zaroff" was brought to psychotic life by British stage star Leslie Banks. Irving Pichel (a former actor...remember him in DRACULA'S DAUGHTER?) shared directing honors with Ernest B. Schoedsack (who photographed KONG). Merian C. Cooper produced, from a James Creelman screenplay (both played the same roles in the production of KONG), from Richard Connell's short story of the same name.

THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME

BY STEVE VERTLIEB



Rainsford (Joel McCrea) learns the horror of the hunted as he and Fay Wray stumble through the Ship-Trap Island jungle in a desperate attempt to elude the mad Zaroff's dutches.

The men lit up their pipes and settled down into pleasant, after-dinner conversation. Outside the warmth of the cabin the waters of the Caribbean licked anxiously at the boat's expensive veneer. The yacht seemed conspicuously alone in these dark waters, and cautiously vulnerable. There was no mistaking a certain vague hostility in the area. It wasn't something that one could put his finger on, yet it was felt by every man aboard the fragile craft. There was an overwhelming sense of uneasiness, and of expectation; of what, no one seemed to know and, certainly, none was willing to openly visualize his anxieties in the presence of others. That would be admitting to the possibility of fear. It would be better to keep such feelings to one's self and wait until the ship was out of these blasted waters.

The Captain stepped into the bar, joining his celebrated guests in a discussion of their favorite topic of conversation.

"We should have some good hunting up the Amazon," one of the men was saying. "Great sport, hunting."

"The best sport in the world," added the tall, lean man standing in a corner.

"For the hunter," said a colleague. "Not for the hunted."

"Don't talk rot," shouted Rainsford. "You're a big game hunter, not a philosopher. The animal enjoys the hunt just as much as I do. It's a challenge for both of us. There's a mutual respect between us and we each know that either of us could just as easily be killed by the other."

"I still say that if the shoe were on the other foot and you became the hunted, it would become a different matter entirely."

"Perhaps," smiled Rainsford, "but I don't intend to become the animal. As long as I have my gun I will remain the victor in the hunt."

"What's that island out there, Captain?" asked one of the men.

The skipper looked intently out of the port-hole and frowned.

"The charts call it Ship-Trap Island because there have been so many freak wrecks off of its coast. There's something almost supernatural about the death rate of seamen near that island. I'll be happier when we're clear of these shores."

"Why were so many men killed?" asked Rainsford. "The shore isn't far off. Why couldn't they have swum for it?"

"It isn't the distance, Mr. Rainsford. These are shark infested waters. Why, even the best of swimmers would need the most extraordinary combination of timing and luck to make it there alive, and in one whole piece."

Rainsford reflected for a moment and then heaved a sigh of relief. "Well, thank heavens for those Warning Buoys out there lighting our way through the channel."

"Yes, those Buoys out there," said the Captain, thoughtfully. "If I didn't know any better I'd swear that those markers are in a different position now than they were last time I came through here."

HELL ON HIGH WATERS

The yacht shuddered violently, without warning, and

sent a shock wave through the heart of the boat. It was as if Rainsford had been struck from behind with a heavy object. All Hell had broken loose suddenly, and the ship seemed to be turning on its side. In a semi-conscious daze he half-heard the terrified screams of men trapped and drowning somewhere below.

Rainsford rapidly recovered his senses now and realized what had happened. Whether the small boat had hit something, or something had hit the boat... it didn't matter much just now. The only matter of any importance was to swim away from the boat as quickly as possible.

There was mass hysteria in the water all about him. Helpless crewmen were being dragged down into the murky depths by ravenous sharks. Behind him the ship's engines were exploding. In another moment, the yacht that Rainsford and his companions had, only moments before, been enjoying a quiet drink of Brandy on, had wholly disappeared from the surface. The screaming had subsided too. He was alone.

He swam longingly for the shore and when he at last reached it he sank down onto the beach and collapsed, exhausted.

It was the gunshots just before Dawn that awakened him. At least he thought they were gunshots. He stood, bewildered and still in shock, and started walking in the direction from which, he fancied, the gunfire had come. It was when he reached the top of the hill that he first saw it; a building, a dwelling of some kind, rather like a medieval castle standing resolutely in the midst of a thick jungle.

A mirage in the jungle's luminous mists, perhaps? Rainsford couldn't be sure, there was but one way of finding out, certainly nothing more could be gained





Zaroff zeros in for the kill in artist Mike Kaluta's rendition of suspenseful moment from THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME.

from standing there, wondering.

Standing before the great wooden doors of the castle, he gripped the grinning gargoyle that posed as a knocker, and smashed it boldly against the gates of the fortress. He rapped a second time, when one huge door opened before him.

Walking into a great hall, fully decorated with winding staircases, Persian rugs and original paintings by many of the masters, Rainsford was too awed to notice the sound of a door slowly creep shut behind him. Here he was, supposedly lost on a desolate, barbaric island in the middle of nowhere and now it seemed to him that he was attending a lavish ball hosted by some of Europe's reigning monarchs. Hosted? Who owned this empire? Indeed, who was his unsuspecting host?

AN OMINOUS SOUND

Now! He heard it! The sound of a catching lock on the door, the unmistakable sound of the trap being sprung. He whirled about sharply to find a giant man standing between him and potential escape. He mutely pointed a gun at the hunter's chest.

"Look, I'm no robber," offered Rainsford quickly. "My ship was wrecked and I found my way ashore." It wasn't any good. The giant did not answer. He continued staring at the intruder, and pointing that gun.

"Put that away, Ivan," commanded a cultured, European voice from somewhere behind them. Rainsford turned to see a small, muscular looking man

stepping briskly down the stairs from a shadowed upper level. Walking toward his newly-arrived guest, he extended his hand.

"Allow me to introduce myself to you. I am Count Zaroff. I apologise for the poor manners of my servant but, you see, Ivan is a mute. He neither hears nor speaks."

"I'm Robert Rainsford of New York," the becalmed captive began, grateful for the sound of another human voice. "My ship was wrecked out there and I managed to swim ashore. My shipmates, and friends... they're all dead."

"Oh, how tragic for you," consoled Zaroff. "I'm so sorry... if there's anything I can do to make you comfortable during your stay here, you've only to ask."

"Thank you, Count, but I don't plan on staying that long. If I could just wash up, find some clean clothes and sleep for a time, I'd be in your debt."

"Of course, of course," smiled Zaroff. "And after you rest you must join me for dinner. At that time you can meet the others."

Rainsford was bewildered.

"Others? What others?"

"This is not the first time, Mr. Rainsford, that a shipwreck has brought visitors to my island. The reefs beyond the shore are quite treacherous, you see, and there have been other mishaps. These people are the survivors of the last wreck. It is my everlasting good fortune that I am able to help in my small way. I only

wish that I were able to do more than I have. But don't let me upset you any other, my dear Rainsford. It is a great honor for me to have as a guest in my home, Mr. Robert Rainsford, the celebrated hunter. I've read all of your books."

"Are you also a hunter?" Rainsford asked.

"Yes, in my own small way, I have achieved a certain degree of fame, not as great as yours, of course, but I will match my love of the sport with any man's." Rainsford turned about. Few trophies hung upon the walls.

The Count led him up the winding stairs and, as they reached the half-way point, Rainsford stopped, fascinated by an enormous, wall-length mural so blatantly erotic in its content that the hunter was stunned out of his lethargy. A Centaur (half man-half beast), having brutally slaughtered his male adversary, gleefully prepares to take the spoils of victory: the surviving woman. As Rainsford looked toward his own host, questioning, the Count raised his hand to his forehead and rubbed the deep scar inscribed there by a former adversary.

The driving sounds from the lower hall of a strange dissonant concerto for piano awakened Rainsford after his rest and brought him down into the main living quarter. He found Zaroff at the piano playing a composition of his own design. Spying his recent arrival, Zaroff announced him to the other guests. A young slip of a girl, with an honest face, racked by worry, rose with relief to bid him welcome. Zaroff then introduced her brother, drink in hand, and quite drunk. The Count resumed his barbarous playing, and the girl slyly signaled for Rainsford to come over to her by the couch without being observed by their host. As he reached her, she asked him to continue smiling so that they wouldn't appear suspicious to the Count. Rainsford grinned like a possum. But his eyes glinted with the danger he was slowly becoming aware of.

"We weren't the only survivors here until this morning. There were two other men with us last night... but when I came downstairs today—they were gone! They weren't the first to disappear, Mr. Rainsford. There have been others! It's always the same. First he treats them well with food and drink and plenty of exercise. Then, on the night before they disappear, he invites them down to the cellar to see his private trophy room. The next morning they're gone and we never see them again."

Zaroff suddenly stopped his playing and looked toward the couch. The girl breathlessly ceased talking and smiled, a false smile.

"Be careful," she said, "he's coming this way."

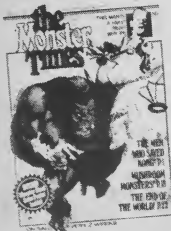
SOME MODEST SOUVENIRS

Zaroff left his piano and advanced toward the two. "Mr. Rainsford, you must allow me to show you my own modest souvenirs. I know that you will appreciate this Cape buffalo. The brute hurled me against a tree and fractured my skull in the battle... but I got him." The buffalo head seemed to express mute submission: Taxidermist's art.

Rainsford was impressed. There was something



It's Man vs. Madman as Zaroff draws his trusty bow



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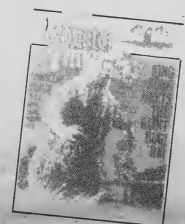
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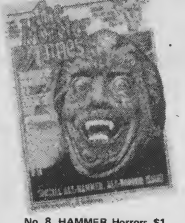
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admirable about this Russian.

"I've always believed that the Cape buffalo is the most dangerous of all game," he began... and hesitated. Zaroff's eyes betrayed amusement.

Zaroff paused to choose his words carefully: "No, Rainsford, you are wrong. The Cape buffalo is not the most dangerous big game. Here in my island preserve I hunt more dangerous game than that."

"Is there big game on this island?" Rainsford asked. "The biggest," answered Zaroff smugly. "Oh, it isn't native to my island, of course. I have to stock it."

"What is it, Count? Tigers?"

"Tigers? No, tigers ceased to interest me years ago, as did all 'conventional' game. No, Rainsford, I am able to tell you that I have done a rare thing. I have lived for little else than hunting all of my life. I have hunted everywhere and killed every animal worthy of the pursuit. But, my friend, a frightening thing started to happen to me. I loved hunting more than anything in life but I found that hunting, that very love that I so cherished, was beginning to bore me. I had done it all. There was no excitement left in it for me. That is what I meant when I said that I had done a rare thing. It came to me as an inspiration. I had to invent a new animal to hunt." His expression veered from excitement to boredom.

"A new animal? You must be joking."

Zaroff was insulted. His eyes became snake-like slits.

THAT'S NO JOKE!

"I never joke about hunting. I bought this island because it was perfect for my purposes. There are



Portrait of a Madman, Zaroff's frightening physiognomy displays telltale signs of horror movie madness: obsessed eyes, continental beard, and deep sinister scar inscribed across frontal lobe...

jungles, hills, swamps, caves. My new game supplies me with the most exciting hunting in the world. Nothing can compare with it. I don't have to worry about growing bored any longer for, at last, I have found an animal with whom I can match my wits. I have found an animal that can reason."

"But no animal can reason," Rainsford argued.

"There is one animal that can," Zaroff countered.

Rainsford was asleep when he was awakened by the sound of a slight rapping at his door. When he opened it he found the girl standing in the corridor.

After learning that her brother was now also missing from his room, the pair slipped quietly down the main staircase and resolved to force their way into Zaroff's mysterious, locked trophy room. Rainsford skillfully broke the lock on the door and entered the darkened room. The girl followed. As they fumbled in the darkness, the hunter reached into his pocket and drew out a match. For a moment the trophy room was brightly lit. On the walls of the tiny room and preserved in glass bottles were the decapitated heads of dozens of human beings; the former "guests" of Count Zaroff. So this was Zaroff's most dangerous game.

The girl screamed as the outer door opened and a party of hunters returned home with their slaughtered prey, for she realized at once that the newest addition to Zaroff's gallery would be her brother.

"You're insane. You murdered my brother. I'll kill you!"

Zaroff's servants restrained her while the master of the castle focused his attention upon Rainsford.

"Do you feel this way also, Rainsford?"

"You wrecked those ships and then waited for the sturdiest men aboard to swim ashore, only to turn them out again into the jungle so that they could hunt them down. You're mad."

"Yes, I placed those way markers out there in the wrong positions, but I thought that you, a hunter like me, would understand the sport of it all. I even hoped that you would stay here with me and join in future hunts."

"Join you?" Rainsford screamed. "Why, I'd rather be dead!"

"In that case, you shall be, Rainsford, for if you don't join my hunt you shall BE the hunt. I shall turn you loose in my jungle with a knife. You shall have twenty minutes head start before I begin the chase. It is now midnight. If you are still alive by dawn, in six hours, I shall give you your freedom. I think I should tell you that since I instituted my hunts on the island, I have not had to give that freedom."

"What about the woman?" Rainsford asked. "Surely you can't kill her?"

Zaroff turned to the frightened girl held tightly by Ivan and studied her as a gourmet would study a Pheasant under glass.

"One does not kill the female. First the hunt, and then, after the blood has been spilled, one takes the woman. That is true ecstasy."

The hunter knew at last what it was to be the animal—the hunted.

Zaroff knew the island far better than he, which was why there had been no survivors in this mad place. He could run, but run where? To the sharks beyond the beach? Into the swamp? Where? WHERE?

HELLHOUNDS ON THE TRAIL

Soon the twenty minutes had elapsed and Rainsford heard the hounds of Zaroff. They were on his trail and nothing he could do would stop them. The woman had elected to run with him rather than stay in the castle with Zaroff. Zaroff wasn't worried. He knew that he'd merely kill off the man and then bring the woman back to his home.

They ran through the swamp, nearly drowning in the

process, but they were able to construct a makeshift spear which Rainsford posted upright in the mud. If they didn't see it, cloaked in darkness, one of the pursuers might just run onto it. Behind them they could hear a terrible cry. Ivan, leading the dogs, had been impaled on it!

They reached the waterfall. Standing at the edge of the cliff, there was nowhere else to go. Suddenly, Zaroff appeared and set his dogs on the man by the cliff. Rainsford fought valiantly but at last was overpowered and went hurtling over the cliff, with the dogs still hanging on. They plunged into the sea below. The woman stood by the edge, cowering in near hysteria.



...But Zaroff seems almost tame, not to mention handsome, compared to the gawking gang of horrible henchmen the madman keeps on the payroll.

when a hand reached out and gripped her firmly by the arm. Zaroff had claimed his reward. It was just dawn.

At the castle the Count was playing his concerto on the piano when he heard a click in the great door behind him. He could hear its opening and slamming shut again. He rose and turned to face another new arrival. Instead, he was faced to face with the old one. Zaroff smiled nervously.

"Rainsford, my friend, this is a pleasant surprise. I congratulate you. How did you...?"

"When I fell into the water I merely let the tide bring me back to your shore. From there I cut across the jungle and found my way back to you."

Zaroff reached into his desk drawer, he told Rainsford, for the key to his boat house.

"You have won, Rainsford. You and the woman are free to leave."

ZAROFF ZAPPED

Rather than keys, however, he pulled out a revolver but, before he could use it, Rainsford was upon him. They fought like wildmen. Zaroff reached for his arrows but Rainsford was ahead of him. As the two men fought for the weapon, Rainsford manipulated it behind his opponent's back and plunged it in and up. Zaroff was done. He barely had strength left to stand. The former prisoners of that incredible island were already in the shed and starting the motor boat when the dying Count found one more arrow and stretched it on his bow. He reached out as far as he could from the window, overlooking the bay and the kennels, to place his shot as the two passed directly under his window. At the crucial moment he dropped the weapon and lay helpless, stretched across the window opening. In death, the Count fell from his study into the kennel directly beneath him, and was torn to shreds by his hungry pets.

Off in the distance, the speedboat was growing smaller by the second, until its image disappeared altogether beyond the horizon.

"In death, the Count fell from his study into the kennel directly beneath him, and was torn to shreds by his hungry pets."



The Monster Times Teletype

... Prints news, reviews, previews, gruez-flashes ferreted out by **BILL FERET**, *Monsterdom's* answer to Rona Barrett. Bill is in show-biz; a singer, dancer, actor and has many contacts in the domain of Entertainment; films, TV, live stage, and all like that. Where other monsterpuffs get news to you months after a film's already been released, Bill Feret's **TELETYPE** lives up to its name, and reveals to you info of horror flick & cetera when they're still only in production. Impress friend and fiend alike with inside info on monster movies that haven't come home made yet! *Goshawotic, gma!*

THE ZODIAC KILLER will be issuing forth from The Cannon Group, Inc.

Currently lensing in Britain is Michael Winner's thriller **SCORPIO**. (Sure to be a winner.)

And if that doesn't confuse you, Scorpio Productions has set for filming next year **FATAMASA, CONVENT OF DOOM**. (And then there were Nuns.)

Fururistic flick set for June release will be Avco Embassy's **A PLACE CALLED TODAY**, dealing with a fictitious black-and-white American election (Would Wallace's winning be considered science-fiction? surely fiction!) Lana Wood and Cher! "Ginger" Caffaro star.

A little sex, spaghetti and suspense will get you the Italian flick **WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO SOLANGE?**

Filming starts in August on **SHOCK TREATMENT** with Alain Delon and Annie Girardot co-starring.

There's an English production shooting now with the provocative title, **DIGBY ... THE BIGGEST DOG IN THE WORLD**. (I wonder just how they mean that.)



A new film company, First Leisure Corporation, has a whole string of monster movies ready to escape. First one due for release will be a sort of Abominable Snowman of Michigan flick entitled **BIGFOOT**. Chris Mitchum (Bob's

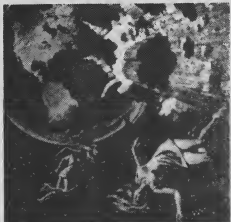


THE HOUSE OF DRACULA'S DAUGHTER

son), John Carradine (David's father) and Joie (The Bountiful) Lansing are starred.

First Leisure also has waiting such delectables as **THE MAD BUTCHER**, with Victor Buono, and for '73 filming, **THE HOUSE OF DRACULA'S DAUGHTER**, starring Peter Lorre, Jr. (Peter's son), John Carradine (David's father), David Carradine (John's son),

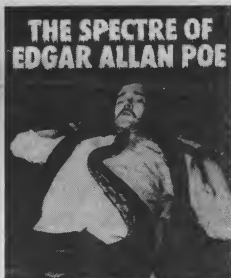
Laraine Day, and Broderick Crawford, as well as **DOOMSDAY** starring Mala Powers (Of **COLOSSUS** of N.Y. and **UNKNOWN TERROR**), Henry Wilcoxon, Bobby Van (No, No, Nanette—Say that



DOOMSDAY

sounds like a horror movie title), Ruta Lee, and Grant Williams (**MONOLITH MONSTERS**, and **THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN**). Some cast, eh?

There's also **THE SPECTRE OF EDGAR ALLEN POE**, starring Robert Walker, star of the **NEW BLOB**, *Carac*



Romero, Tom Drake, and **HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL's** favorite victim Carol Ohmart, and also **DEATH TRAP** starring Arthur Franz and Claudia Jennings.



Attention, all comic fans! Did you know that for the past 4 years there has been a Comic Art Convention? This year marks the fifth anniversary of the event, and it's going to be one Super, Ultra Con. The first 5 day convention in history; July 1 thru 5 at New York's Statler Hilton Hotel. Over 3,000 fans are expected to attend and have a great time seeing their favorite artists, writers and original artwork.

Like previous cons, there will be dealer's tables, slide shows, panel discussions, special guest speakers, art displays, auctions, masquerade, parties. Only now, there will be more of everything, and some super-surprises, too.

The program-booklet, like the Con will also be big... 96 pages worth of Golden Age and ultra-new art, ads from the leading comic dealers across the country, and features about your favorite comic people.

The Statler Hilton Hotel is located across from Pennsylvania Station, just one stop from the Port Authority Bus Terminal.

Additional information on the 1972 Comic Art Convention can be obtained from the Convention Chairman, Mr. Phil Sealing. Write to him at 821 Avenue Z, Brooklyn, New York 11223.

We'll be looking forward to meeting a lot of our fiendish fans there!

Horror film being readied for release is **NIGHT CHILD** starring **OLIVER's** own Mark Lester in the title role along with Britt-Ekland, Lilli Palmer and Hardy Kruger.

And from my own editor comes a delicious little tidbit, about (finally) a production of *Edgar Rice Burroughs's* classic **THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT**. It deals with the lost continent of Caspak, peopled with prehistoric monsters, cave-men, ape-men, and a race of intelligent bat eyed beings with enormous bat-wings. It was released in paperback under the three separate titles, **THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT**, **THE PEOPLE THAT TIME FORGOT**, and **OUT OF TIME'S ABYSS**, though all three are merely sections of the same book. Could be a blockbuster, if they don't tamper too much.



Seems there are quite a few horror and sci-fi entries this year, just to name a few.... Robert Altman's **IMAGES**, about insanity and murder,.... Alfred Hitchcock's new Universal release, **FRENZY**.... and the Orson Welles, Susan Hampshire starrer, **MALPERTUIS** described as "the story of a Haunted House."

Cameras start rolling in June in Brussels and Rome on **THE KILLER IS ON THE PHONE**. Thriller stars the increasingly busy Telly Savalas, and Annie Heywood.

CON-CALENDAR



DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
July 1-5	1972 COMIC ART CONVENTION 621 Avenue Z Brooklyn, New York	STATLER HILTON HOTEL New York City 33rd St & 7th Ave	\$2.50 a day \$7.50 for 5	This is the super-con, prose, panels, comics, movies, banquet and art contest.
July 22-23	CHICAGO COMIC CON Nancy Warner 1726 North Broadway Crest Hill, Ill.	PICK-CONGRESS HOTEL Chicago, Ill. Congress & Michigan Ave.	\$1.50 a day	Billed as a Nostalgia Con, with emphasis on comics, pulp, books radio programs and toys
Sept. 1-4	L.A. CON 30th World SF Con PO Box 1 Santa Monica, Cal.	LOS ANGELES Inter. Hotel Los Angeles, Cal.	no date, contact convention	This biggest s-f con of the year with most of writers in attendance and movies.
Nov. 24-26	FANTASY FILM FANS CON PO Box 7-886 Los Angeles, Cal.	AMBASSADOR HOTEL Los Angeles, Cal.	\$15 at door \$8 til 9/4	72 hours of fantasy films, Ray Bradbury, DC Fontana, Bob Bloch

THE CON-CALENDAR is a special exclusive feature of THE MONSTER TIMES. Across this great land of ours are quiet and curious gatherings of quaintly curious zealots. The gatherings called "conventions," and the zealots, called "fans," deserve the attention of fans and non-fans alike, hence this trail-blazing reader-service.

To those readers who've never been to one of these hair-brained affairs, we recommend it.

Detractors of such events put them down by saying that they're just a bunch of cartoonists and science fiction writers and comic book publishers talking, and signing autographs for fans who, like maniacs, spend sums on out-of-date comics, science fiction pulps, and monster movie stills. But that's just the reason for going. If you want a couple of glossy pictures of Dracula or King Kong, or a 1943 copy of Airboy Comics (God alone knows why)

or if you wish to see classic horror sci-fi science fiction films, or meet the stars of a movie series, or today's top comic book artist and writers—or if you just want to meet o. er monster or comics science fiction freaks, like yourself, and learn you're not alone in the world, OR if you want to meet the affable demented lunatics who bring out THE MONSTER TIMES, go ahead and visit one of those conventions. We dare ya!



Comic creators and related freaks will be getting together each and every week at "First Friday" nite meetings to "yuk it up" and generally let it all hang out. The gatherings have been going on for some weeks now, most recently at "Formally, Far Out" Frank Brunner's dungeon—although the scenes of the meetings have been known to shift about as mysteriously as their denizens. Only time will tell whether the "First Fridays" will evolve into another Paris-In-the-20's scene, or just another Bowery-In-the-50's.

Seymour's ratings on the gore-tube keep going up on his HORROR spectacular on KTLA (channel 5) out Los Angeles way.

Peter "Shangri-La" Finch is starring with Shelley Winters in a gruesome little number called SOMETHING TO HIDE. (They couldn't have called it Something to Jekyll?)

Watch for the release of INCUBUS. In case you're not up on your demonology, that's an evil MALE spirit who seeks out luscious lovelies for a little messing around. His female counterpart is a Succubus.

There just might be a European remake of the Dashiell Hammett classic, THE MALTESE FALCON.



Russian sci-fi yarn, SOLARIS already mentioned here, seems to be stirring up a



lot of interest at the Cannes Film Festival.

New film called BLOOD MONSTER is shooting in, where else? Death Valley!

Balaban Quine, Inc., a new company has some interesting titles lined-up for shooting... TRICK OR TREAT, WONDEROUS THINGS, THE LAST UNICORN and an animated feature called COSMIC CIRCUS. Beauteous Barbara Bouchet has the titled roles in THE WOMAN IN RED KILLED SEVEN TIMES.

There's a new British teleseries ready for syndication entitled DEPARTMENT S. Peter Wyngarde, of BURN, WITCH, BURN fame, is starred. (Could we hopefully have another AVENGERS-type serious on our anxious little hands?)

And finally, The Odeon Theatre in Edinburgh, Scotland, is running a "Horrorthon" of films from 11 p.m. Saturday till 7 a.m. Sunday, so don your kilts, grab your brooms and get going. ■



THE COMIC READER

Comic Art's monthly newsmagazine! The story of what's going to happen to your favorite comic characters. With features by Monster Timers: Brancatelli, Isabella & Levitz. 3 for \$1 from Paul Levitz, 393 East 58 Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11203.

Comic books, fanzines, stills, posters, Big-Little books, dealers, collectors: and The Monster Times folk! Every "SECOND SUNDAY" at the Statter-Hilton, 33rd St. & 7th Ave. N.Y.C. 10AM to 4PM. Admission \$1.00

EC PAPERBACKS FOR SALE: 1. TALES OF THE INCREDIBLE—Includes work by Wood, Williamson, and the classic Judgement Day. Out of Print for 6 years—\$2.50. 2. TALES FROM THE CRYPT—Movie adaptation novel by Jack Oleck—\$1.00. Mini copis stocked in depth; price includes postage. Emanuel Harris 316 W. 88th St. NYC 10024

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WANTED—Old radio and comic premiums, to expand our museum of relics, trivia and the lore of 20th Century pop-art. Things like the BUCK ROGERS PISTOL, or a CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT DECODER RING... and all the rest of the stuff. These things have a place

in our history, and we have a place for them on our shelves. Please send description and condition of items, plus the price you're asking, to TMTM, (THE MONSTER TIMES MUSEUM), P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y., 10011.

... HE MOVES, EASILY, AND THE MISSILE STREAKS BY HIS HEAD... BUT, THE FORCE OF THE THROW PULLS ME FORWARD AND THE HEAVY CHAIN ENCIRCLES HIS THROAT... I CATCH THE PROJECTILE WITH THE SAME HAND THAT LOOSED IT, AND HOLD IT IN A GRIP THAT ONLY DEATH WILL BREAK...



... THE OGRE GASPS AND STRUGGLES BUT I CLING TO HIM LIKE THE WOLF TO THE BEAR... THE SWEAT BEADS AND ENCIRCLES MY BROW AND THE OGRE SCREAMS... HIS MOVEMENTS SLOW AND FINALLY CEASE... TILL HE DROWNS IN HIS OWN BLOOD...



Two panels from BADTIME STORIES, by Berni Wrightson.

Badtime Stories

Baneful Berni Wrightson's brought out a bashingly brilliant book: BADTIME STORIES. Regular readers of THE MONSTER TIMES know wrenching Wrightson from his immortal color poster of Boris Karloff's FRANKENSTEIN in the centerfold of MT No. 1, and your bottom dollar can be bet that you'll be seeing more of his morbid phantasmagorically creepish, circusful of ghouls and goblins, freaks and fiends, and doomish demons in future issues of this wonderful monster newspaper.

But in the meanest of whiles, though, you can have a 48 page, permanently-bound slick-paper softcover creepish classic of six soul-annihilating solo stories of mystery and macabre, Berni's weirdly-wrought, wright-on BADTIME STORIES. We reviewed them in MONSTER TIMES NO. 6, received so much mail, that we bought a stock of them for you to order from us.

BADTIME STORIES is all

Wright, son! Monster-sized (8 1/2" x 11"), and monster-oriented, with color paintings on the front and back covers, and spine-clinging black and white artwork inside, it's a steal at the measly \$5.00 per copy we're asking. (Though we won't tell you who's stealing from whom!)

So fill out the coupon below, and send it into THE MONSTER TIMES folk. Would we ever steer you wrong?

Wright-on! Wrightson's wrightingly weird workmanship whets my wish-craft for his woebegone worlds! Rush _____ copies of BADTIME STORIES at \$5.00 per copy plus 50¢ postage & handling (\$5.50 total) to: THE MONSTER TIMES BOX 595 New York, N.Y. 10011

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"Mother always was dangerously possessive . . . Soon she's in the harbor, with London Bridge falling down and all, fire-engines roaring and hundreds of extras running rampant in the street."

GORGON SPEAKS

Continued from page 5

pair of properly fruity scientist-types arrive on Joe's barge and utter something about, quite a catch." They inform our two friends that science has claimed Ogra, but that they will be "properly rewarded for their services." But, alas, Dorkin's Circus of London is also interested in yours truly and will pay many a pretty pound for my display. "Set a course for London, Sam." On the way to the British shores little Sean, the paranoid pre-teen from the island, makes his presence known (he tries to release me, bless his ruddy little heart) before Joe, feeling fatherly, gives him a man-to-kid talk. "Tell me, kid, has anyone ever seen that thing before?"

"And why should anyone have to see it to know that it's there?"

This, of course, is followed by the traditional harmonica music score composers always associate with children. Little Sean goes to sleep and our voyage closes without further incident.

Our arrival in London is a lot of rot. All over the place there's brass bands and the word "Gorgo" plastered everywhere. Dorkin himself is an uneasy combination of P.T. Barnum and Don Knotts. "Why is he named 'Gorgo'?" asks a nosy lady reporter. "Why the monster of Greek mythology, my good woman, the Gorgon! Its stare was strong enough to turn a man to stone!" It took four more years for Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing to prove it to the world!

Things are pretty routine after that bloody mess. Kids seem to get a wild thrill out of throwing popcorn at me while Sean slinks around in his new tie and tails. Joe and Sam, meanwhile, are

"GORGON!"
Mother screamed.
"How many times
have I told
you NOT to
cross the
channel by
yourself!"



Being different from the other kids has its good side, too. After all, it's not everyone who has an ocean for a bathtub and full-scale battleships to play with!



batting with those two scientist fellows who announce, quite startling, that I am in my early infancy. "You mean there might be a full-grown one of these things around somewhere?"

"Possibly. Where there are offspring there are generally parents."

"How big would a full-grown one be?"

"An educated guess . . . 200, maybe 300 feet tall!"

Whoops!

SHE'S ONE BAD MOTHER!

I hate to do this, good readers, but we must return to Nara for a short time to watch McCartain scream his bloody head off at the sight of Mumsy. I don't really think she intended to sink the entire island, but, old beans, these things are day-to-day hazards with us big fellers. Faster than a Buckingham trotter she's off and swimming and searching for her adorable child. Mother always was dangerously possessive. But, getting back the British Air Force and Navy are hot on

"It seemed that humans had nothing better to do but fall all over each other in a mad race to see who could exploit me first. When these beastly boats tried to catch me, I not only went away, I went away MAD!"

her trail and (yuk-yuk!) They have a simply smashing time! About five planes and a few battleships are hopelessly smashed to bits on an otherwise dull afternoon for Mother. Soon she's in the harbor, with London Bridge falling down and all, fire-engines roaring and hundreds of extras running rampant in the streets. London is in flames and Big Ben topples after trying to make time with my virtuous parent. They do everything imaginable to stop her, flame-throwers, tanks, electricity (shocking, isn't it?) until they finally realize that in this monster picture the prehistoric pachyderm wins! Mother and I stalk away triumphantly, "disdaining the pygmies under our feet, leaving man to boast the proud assumption that he alone is Lord and Master of all creation."

"They're going back now," Sean whispers profoundly.

"Back to the sea."

Ah, yes.

MGM released GORG0 in 1961 and the picture show did well enough to inspire a simply goochy (heavens what a word!) comic book series published by Charlton. Although most of the stories managed to involve, in one way or another, Communist forces versus capitalist reptiles, they were still good fun and a jolly hell to read.

For the life of me I can't think of another bloody syllable to utter. I hope you have found this article stimulating, possibly exhilarating or at least tolerable.



Charlton Comics cashed in on the Gorgo craze with a whole series devoted to me and my precocious prehistoric predicaments. Needless to say, I never saw one green cent from either the comics OR the film!

Personally, I don't give half a sixpence what you think as long as you shelled out the green to pay for this highly-involving issue. So, until "TMT" (Oh my word that is clever!) decides to request my services on some future date, cherrio... and don't take any wooden monsters! ■

"If you've done anything to harm my boy, I'll...!" threatens Mother, as she conducts her smashing campaign to make the world a safer place for monsters. Right on, Mum!



ATTENTION: MONSTER MANIACS

Are you having problems finding THE MONSTER TIMES at your local newsstand? Does your blood boil every time you find the last copy sold out? Do friends and neighbors sink their talons into you because they can't get copies of their own?

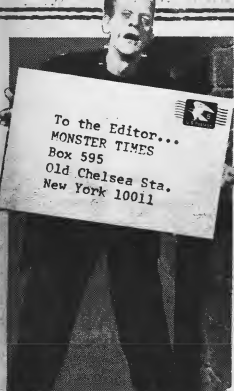
Well, you can settle matters peacefully and avoid unpleasant embarrassment and senseless carnage. All you've got to do is fill out the coupon below and send it our way RIGHT AWAY! that means NOW! Your problems will be eliminated, we'll feel better, and even our mutual monster friends will stop turning over in their graves.

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HE WANTS A WEREWOLF!

Dear Monsters,

I wish you would get an issue on the Werewolf. The werewolf is my favorite monster. So far my favorite issue is on the Creature. I wish you would make three movies. The first is the Creature, the second is the Hunchback, and the third is the Phantom. My favorite movie is THE HIDEOUS SUN DEMON. I really like MONSTER TIMES more than I did when they first came out. I have all the MONSTER TIMES.

Your friendly Monster Fan,
Peter Pascullo
N.Y., N.Y. 10022

Never fear, Peter! An upcoming issue of TMT will feature a special article on the werewolf. We'll tell you all about werewolves in movies, comics and TV. It'll be a hair-raising issue, that's for sure.

IN-BITE-TATION

Dear Editor:

Just a word to let you know I've read my interview in issue number 10 of your paper. I was very pleasantly surprised at the fair treatment you so kindly accorded me, as I generally find that most publications are prejudiced against members of my group.



One last observation, if you will allow me to take up a little more of your time. The opening of the interview—in which my name was spelled out in beautiful and flowing letters, please me to the extent that I should very much like your art director to design my new stationery and business cards. Please ask him to call any evening after sundown.

Thanking you once again, I remain your devoted servant.

Count Dracula
New York City

Dear Count Dracula:

Thanks for the warm words. We're most happy to hear that you dug our article—it is our intention to always give "fair treatment" to you and your fellow members of the so-called "Violent Minority". You may have noticed that we even managed to refrain from littering your interview with deadly puns and other attempts at producing strained smiles on the faces of our readers. Regarding your gracious in-bite-tation, our art director would love to take you up on your offer just as long as you agree to conduct your business M.U.F. That stands for Money Up Front, sir.

Dear Editor:

When you stated in your editorial, "The states South of the Mason-Dixon-line, incidentally, would not distribute GREEN LANTERN-GREEN ARROW comics," seems they heard comics exposed the subversive, radical or just-plain un-Southern sentiments of such Dixie-born and bred radicals as Abraham Lincoln and Thomas Jefferson, among others." I was tempted to jump on my typewriter and tell you off. But, I waited until I'd cooled down.

Now, I don't know where you came by your information (or mis-information) but I bought the GREEN LANTERN-GREEN ARROW comics right here in Charleston, S.C., and the paperback reprint is on the stands now. Further, I don't know of any State government that is in the business of distributing magazines. You not only made an incorrect statement, you made a prejudiced statement. But, it wasn't a real bad one; it's quite popular to assume that all white southerners are anti-Negro. And to assume it publicly seems to give many people a good-all-over feeling. I think prejudice is a pretty terrible thing, no matter what brand the issue is hooked on. That's mild, compared to my first letter.

IT BEEN READY ABOUT YOU
YOU KNOW HOW TO GET IT
SOME-AND NOW ON A PLANET
SOMEPLACE YOU HELPED OUT
THE GREEN ARROW.

THE GREEN ARROW
ALL FOR THE PEOPLE'S GOOD!
HEY THERE'S SOME-AND
NEVER BOTHERED WITH-IT

THE BLACK
GODDAMN I WANT
TO KNOW
NOW CHASE!

POWER AND
MOVING GREEN
LANTERN



Anyway, THE MONSTER TIMES started out great, and it's getting better. I vote for a comics report section. A bi-weekly report would be most welcome.

Also information on limited press publication; underground comic, fanzines, and nostalgia mag. There's so much being done, we can't buy it all, and there are some not-to-be-missed items. Reviews and previews of expensive publications would be a boon to fandom. Keep up the excellent work, but watch those Southern stars.

Best Regards
Bill Canley
Charleston, S.C.

While we didn't mean to generalize as much as we did, most Southern states did NOT get the GREEN LANTERN-GREEN ARROW comics. And while you are correct in assuming that State governments do not handle distributions, the wholesalers who distribute comics, magazines and newspapers act as a government unto themselves. And we do reiterate, most southern distributors did not handle the controversial issues of GREEN LANTERN-GREEN ARROW. This is not saying that the people in southern states are prejudiced as a whole (we not that stupid) but wholesalers are on the average wary people; who don't like anything controversial, be it race, politics, religion, and sometimes even horror and monster publications. It's a sad fact, but all too true.

Send us so many letters, postcards, books, detentions, bomb threats, etc., that the Post Office will have to deliver our mail with a bulldozer. Address all correspondence to: THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y., 10011.

the Monster Times Fan Fair

THE MONSTER TIMES FAN FAIR is another reader service of MT. Care to buy, sell or trade movie stills, old comics or tapes of old radio programs? Or maybe buy or advertise a fan-produced magazine? An ad costs only 10 cents per word (minimum, 25 words).

Make all checks and money orders payable to THE MONSTER TIMES, and mail your clearly printed or typewritten ad on the coupon below, to: THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011. We reserve the right to refuse ads which would not be deemed appropriate to our publication.

We Buy Collections of Monster Magazines and Comics. You can send us a list of what you have or send 15 cents for our 18 page Buying List. Passaic Book Center, Dept. M-T, 594 Main Ave., Passaic, N.J. 07055

WANTED FOR THE SHELVES OF THE MONSTER TIMES MUSEUM...MT will pay \$12. for a copy of "SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT" by Frederic Wertham, M.D. (we desperately need it folks... please).

COMIC & CRYPT 6 — This 52-page bonanza includes covers by Ken Barr, Vaughn Kilde, Bill Nelson, other art by Mach-tasoor, Marchesano, and other top fan artists. Bruce Kolins writes on King Kong using the original shooting script. Neal Adams interview. Plus other goodies. A bargain at the pre-publication price of \$75. Order from Mark Sigal, 459 Lytton Blvd., Toronto 12, Ontario, CANADA. Dealers: Inquire for quantity rates.

Want to sell and/or show your art? No fee charged. Write for details. ATLANTIS CON. Art Show Committee, 1529 Clairmont Rd., Decatur, Ga. 30033.

Advertise in Gleanings Magazine, only 10¢ a word! Box 663MT, Seaside, Calif. 93955

Out of Print Bookfinder, Box 663MT Seaside, Calif. 93955. Send Wants, or send for catalog.

Wanted: first and perhaps only issue of PANIC magazine (Green Cover). RAY GIROUX, 77 Fernwood St., Spfld, Mass. 01104 (Will pay \$10.00)

PHOTON is the filmzine that fans find fabulous! Devoted to the serious study of the fantasy film, each issue contains an 8x10 glossy still. All offset. One dollar to Mark Frank, 801 Avenue "C", Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218

L'INCROYABLE CINEMA, Britain's finest fantasy film magazine is now available to American subscribers at \$20 per copy, and \$250 for three issues. Order now from Steve and Erwin Vertlieb, 1517 Benner Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19149.

Comic books, fanzines, stills, posters, Big Little books, posters, collectors, and the Monster Times folk! Every "SECOND SUNDAY!" at the Starliner-Hotel, 33rd St. & 7th Ave. N.Y.C. 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. Admission \$1.00

WANTED: Old Animation stills, posters, original art, buttons, etc. everything except Disney. Write Leslie Cabarga c/o Marnis, 110 Riverside Dr. 10024

Pet's COMIC SHOP opening in Sept. after summer Hehl Member A.C.C. have thousands on hand. Marvels C.D. Paperbacks Patrick Gilroy 2240 Ebb Tide Rd. Va. Bch. Va.

Wanted: Hastings House's Prince Valiant No. 2 I also need old & recent Prince Valiant Sundays. I need any comics before 1960, especially Adventure No. 300-304. Paige K. Wilkes P.O. Box 471, Lebanon, Oregon 97355.

Wanted: Movie stills from Chris Lee's Dracula movies. Send price & condition to Dan Lee, 12 Grand St., Enfield, Conn., 06062.

Stills, posters, pressbooks, scripts, trailers, & films for sale or trade. Largest sets of universal stills anywhere. "Pentagram Library" Box 894 Worcester, Mass. — 01061

Wanted: five dollars for the book PREMATURE BURIAL. Write: Walter Akasaki, 38 Hickory Road, Port Washington, New York, 11050.

Selling comics, hardcovers, BLB's originals, PB's, pulps, posters, etc. FREE 26 page sale/trade list. Mike Robertson 23835 SE 192nd St., Maple Valley, Wash. 98053

For sale: Press Sheets of '50s and '60s American-International and Allied Artists Science/Fiction/Horror films. Contains casts, synopses, advertisements or illustrations. 25¢-35¢ each. Send wants. S.A.E. Also: Modern Monsters (4) and Shriek magazines (1960). Best offers over \$12.00 Alfred Weinrib, 2187 Cruger Avenue, Bronx, New York 10462

Queens — 2000 comics for sale, Marvels from 1964. Some DC from 1958 to 1963. Warrens from 1966 — Bulk sale preferred, but will take small orders. Sales in person only. Call FL9-3546 & leave No.

Wanted: FF No. 1 \$23.00; Sgt. Fury No. 1 \$6.00; Journey Into Mystery No. 83 \$6.00; Conan No. 1 \$6.00. All must be in very good shape. J. Kirsch 157-22 37 Ave. Whitestone, N.Y. 11357

Wart's Epic No. 1 — great new illustrated amateur magazine from Australia. Art by Gerald Garth. Only \$1.30 per copy. J.A. Barry USNCS, APO, N.Y. 09843

Enclosed is \$_____ for my _____ word (minimum 25) classified ad.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NEXT ISSUE!

Hey, if you thought this issue was good, then, well, there's still more you can get! You'll find it on the next issue, but not off the shelf. We've got one of our readers' letters about this and the entire subscription list.



SPIDER-MAN was the featured monster around Spider-Man, so if that were enough, you're sure you'll also find the monster, Spider-Man, and others who make Spider-Man's world what it is, in the next issue.

We also got an article on the monster, Spider-Man, and others who make Spider-Man's world what it is, in the next issue. We also got an article on the monster, Spider-Man, and others who make Spider-Man's world what it is, in the next issue. We also got an article on the monster, Spider-Man, and others who make Spider-Man's world what it is, in the next issue.

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GO APE, YOUNG MAN!

Hey, you're reading "The Monster Times," right? Well, you're reading it for the same of THE MONSTER TIMES. See, the monster, Spider-Man, and others who make Spider-Man's world what it is, in the next issue.

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With every issue of The Monster Times, the subscriber gets a free 20-page booklet of the most out of the next issue. This can be used as a gift or as a gift to the subscriber. It is a great idea.

1. I want the next issue of The Monster Times. I want the next issue of The Monster Times. I want the next issue of The Monster Times. I want the next issue of The Monster Times. I want the next issue of The Monster Times.

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THE MONSTER TIMES is the best way to get the most out of the next issue. It is a great idea. It is a great idea. It is a great idea. It is a great idea. It is a great idea.

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GIANT
COLOR
POSTER
INSIDE

the Monster Times

STERNARD'S
HISTORY
OF THE
COMICS
P. 8



60¢

GORG
SPEAKS! P. 3

RAT ON! BEN
BITES BACK! P. 19

BEHIND
THE PLANET
OF THE
APES! P. 14



I DRINK
YOUR BLOOD
... I EAT
YOUR SKIN!
(YUCHH!)
P. 10

ON SALE EVERY 2 WEEKS



SCAN OR DIE!

DREGS